

BATMAN
No.23

JUNE...JULY
TEN CENTS



BATMAN



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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

"AGAIN, THE MEN,
WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF
AMERICA ARE BEING
CALLED TO FIGHT
FOR FREEDOM AND
DEMOCRACY!

...OUR ENEMIES THINK
I'M JUST A STATUE OF
COLD, DEAD METAL!

...BUT YOU KNOW I AM
THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA
IN ALL OF YOU-- WORKING,
FIGHTING, SACRIFICING...
...THAT LIBERTY MAY
LIVE FOREVER!"



BUY MORE WAR BONDS and STAMPS



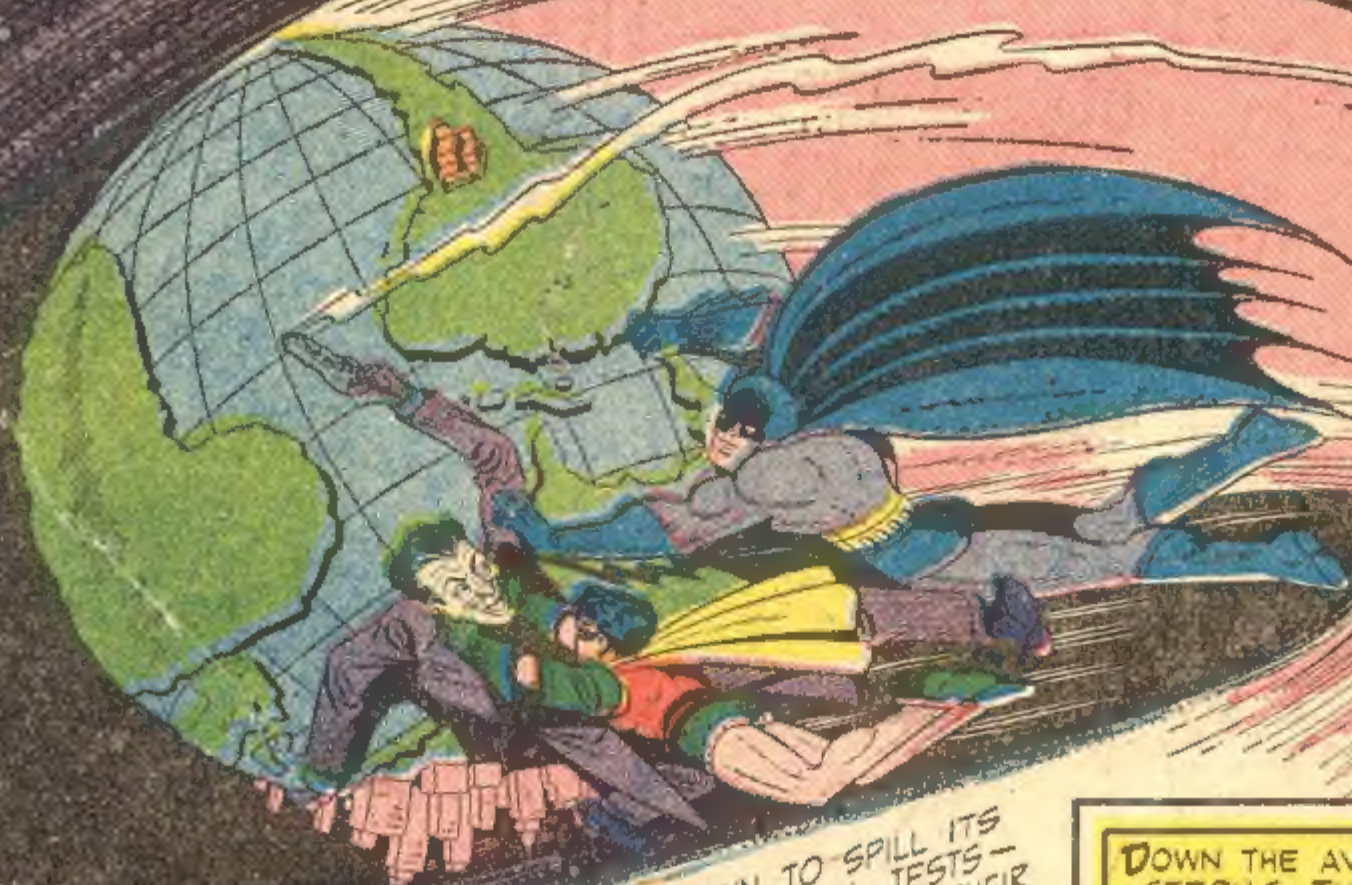
BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER

JOE KANE



A WORLD GONE MAD! A CITY TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN TO SPILL ITS WEALTH INTO THE LAP OF THAT DEVILISH DEALER IN DEADLY JESTS—THE JOKER! BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, MATCH THEIR KEEN WITS AND STEEL-TAUT MUSCLES AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL TOMFOOLERY OF THE FEARSOME FAKIR IN A MAD, BRAIN-REELING ADVENTURE STAGED IN A SETTING THAT DEFILES THE LAWS OF GRAVITY! HERE IT IS—THE STRANGE TALE OF HOW BATMAN BATTLES AGAINST EVIL IN A CITY TURNED TOPSY-TURVY BY THE—

CRIMES iS EWN
THE UPSIDE DOWN

DOWN THE AVENUE OF MIRTH STROLLS THAT MAD MASTER OF MIRTH --- THE JOKER!

HERE Y'ARE, FOLKS! STEP INSIDE AND FORGET YOUR CARES! IT'S ALWAYS FUN TO BE FOOLED...

FUN ?? FOOLED?? THAT GUY'S STEALING MY LINE! HA! HA! LET'S SEE IF HE CAN MAKE ME LAUGH!



INTO THE MIRTH HOUSE WALKS THE FABULOUS FUNSTER...

HA! HA! MIGHTY FUNNY! HA! HA!



OOOPS! WATCH OUT BELOW! I'M SLIDING TO HOME BASE! HA! HA!



LOOKS LIKE THE BARREL'S ROLLING ME OUT! HA! HA!

STAGGERING DIZZILY OUT OF THE ROTATING "BARREL OF FUN", THE JOKER FINDS HIMSELF IN A WEIRD NEW WORLD...



WOW! WHAT'S HAPPENED? I'M SEEING UPSIDE-DOWN!

REGAINING HIS MENTAL BALANCE, THE LAUGHING LAWBREAKER REALIZES THAT HE IS IN THE MOST BIZARRE OF ALL FUN SPOTS --- THE UPSIDE-DOWN ROOM!

HA! HA! THAT JOKE NEARLY STOOD ME ON MY EAR! NOT BAD FOR AMATEURS!



AND THE NEXT DAY, GOTHAM CITY VIEWS THE FIRST OF THE UPSIDE-DOWN CRIMES...

ALREADY THE EVIL BRAIN OF THE CRIME CLOWN IS HATCHING NEW PLOTS INSPIRED BY HIS UPSIDE-DOWN ADVENTURE...

OH, LOOK AT THE CLOWNS! THEY'RE SO FUNNY!

HO! HO! YOU THINK ANYTHING UPSIDE-DOWN IS FUNNY? BUT IT'S GIVEN ME A BRILLIANT IDEA! I'LL SOON HAVE EVERYONE IN GOTHAM CITY STANDING ON HIS HEAD!



STOP THEM! STOP THEM! THAT'S THE FIFTH CAR THEY'VE TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN!

NOW, WHY WOULD THE JOKER WANT TO TURN OVER A CAR?

DON'T ASK ME! ASK THE JOKER!



BUT THIS IS ONLY THE MAD BEGINNING! THE NEXT DAY...



GEE, MADGE, AIN'T HE WONNERFUL?



HEY! AUGH!

HA! HA! THIS WILL SEND YOU REELING!



MY GOODNESS?

THE CONTROL MAN MUST BE DAFFY!

HA! HA! LOVE TURNS THE WORLD TOPSY-TURVY!

AND THE HARLEQUIN OF CRIMES' MAD 'UPSIDE-DOWN' PRANKS CONTINUE...



MODERN ART SURE IS CRAZY!

HA! HA! MINE IS THE GREATEST ART OF ALL!

BOY, YOU HAVE TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD TO SEE THIS EXHIBIT!

THE BRAIN-WHIRLING PRANKS ARE CLIMAXED BY A CRYPTIC MESSAGE SMOKE-SCRAWLED ACROSS THE SKY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CRIME KING'S HIDEOUT...



THIS IS FUN, BOSS, BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA?

YEAH, BOSS! WHAT'RE WE GETTIN' OUT OF THESE CRAZY TRICKS?

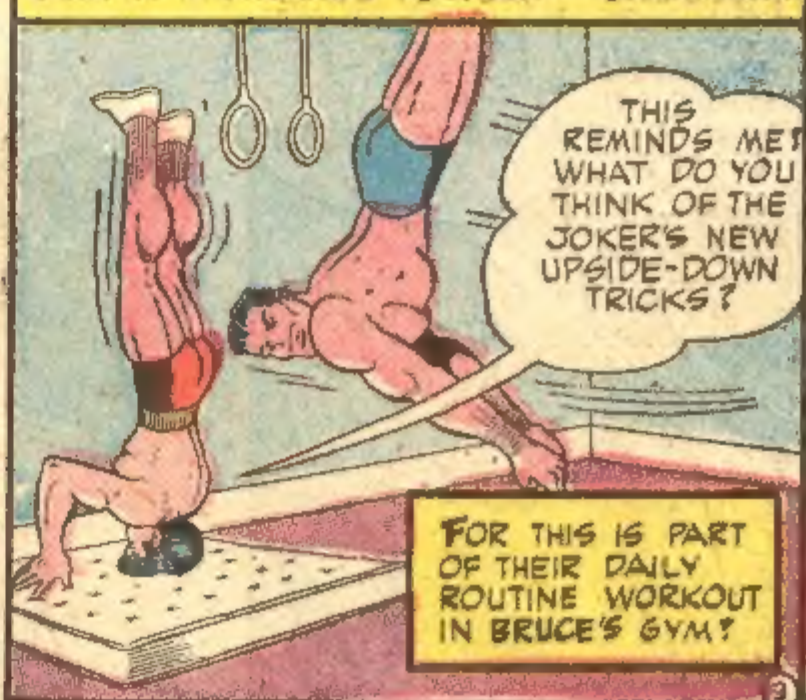
SILENCE, YOU FOOLS! THE JOKER ALWAYS PUTS A STING INTO HIS JESTS! TONIGHT, WE PULL OUR FIRST JOB!

Rekoj

HERE, SNIPES, YOU TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS! HA! HA! WILL BATMAN BE DIZZY WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM!

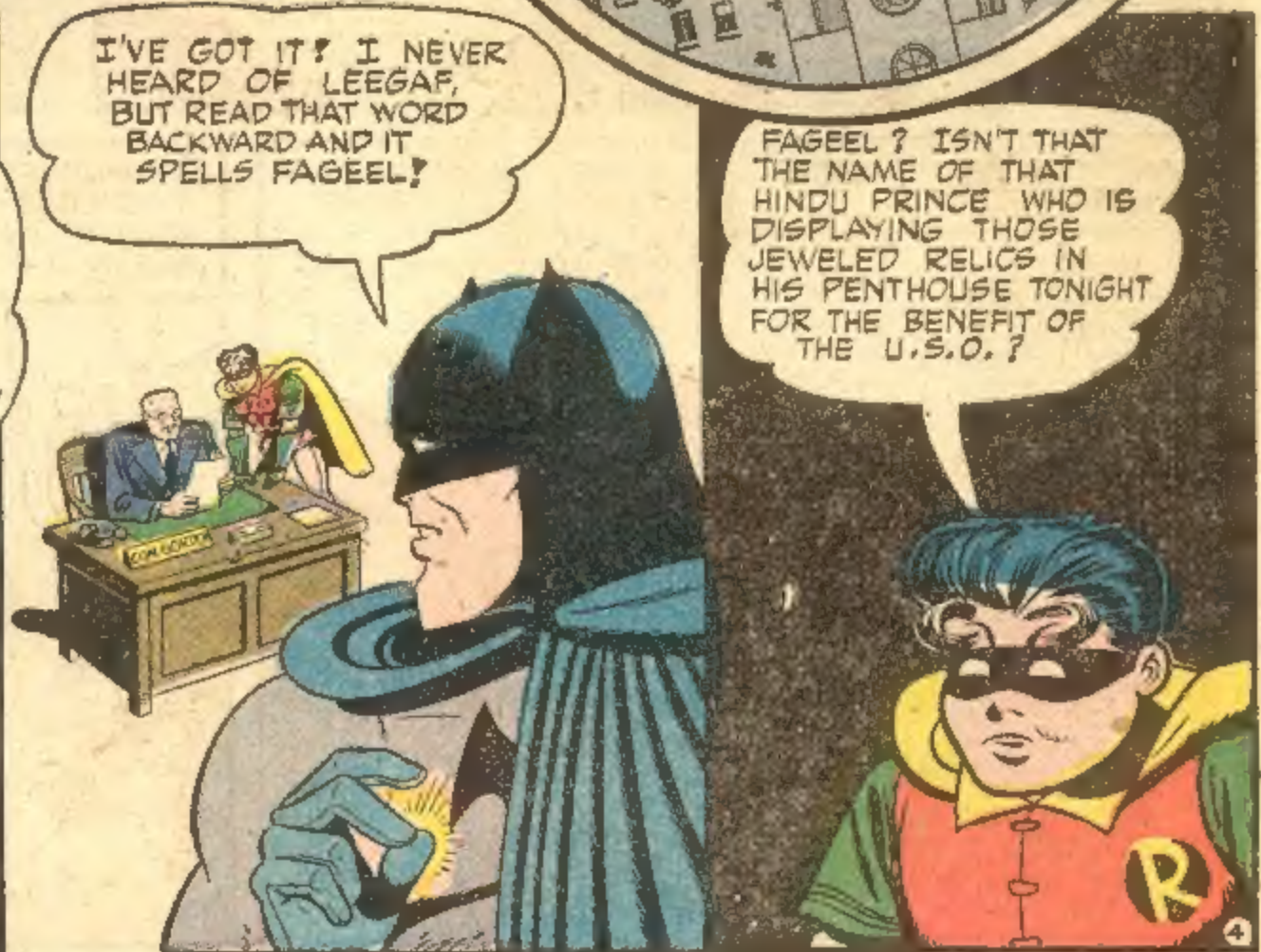
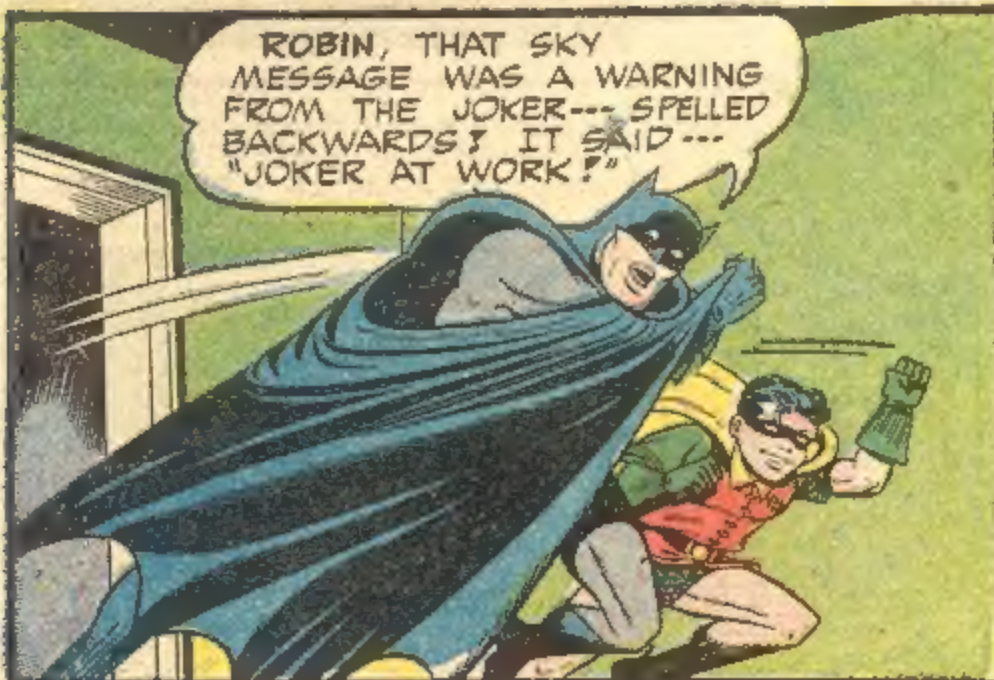
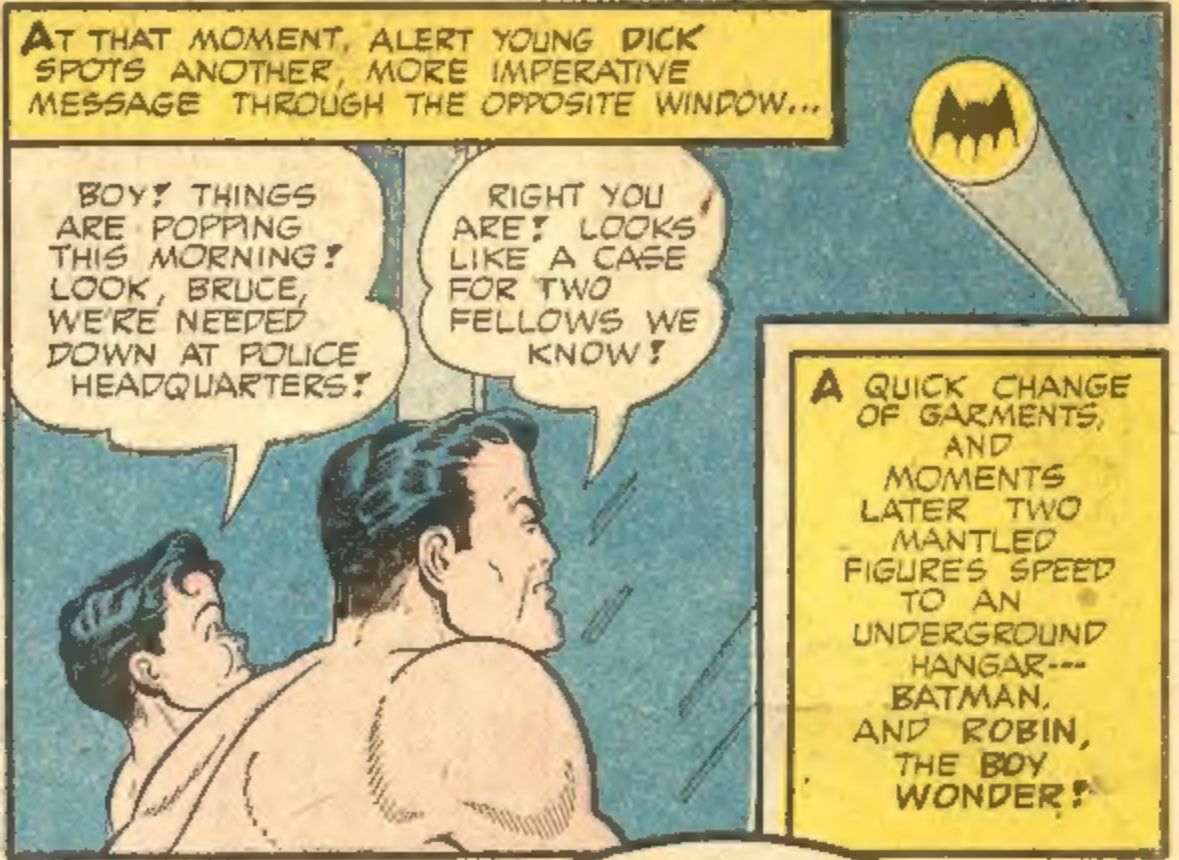


IN ANOTHER PART OF GOTHAM CITY... TWO LITHE-LIMBED YOUNG MEN, BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE IN A STRANGE POSITION---UPSIDE-DOWN!



THIS REMINDS ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE JOKER'S NEW UPSIDE-DOWN TRICKS?

FOR THIS IS PART OF THEIR DAILY ROUTINE WORKOUT IN BRUCE'S GYM!



CLOAKS UNFURLED BEHIND THEM, THE DYNAMIC DUO STREAKS TOWARD THEIR PLANE...

RIGHT, ROBIN! AND SINCE THE JOKER'S DOING EVERYTHING UPSIDE-DOWN, HIS MESSAGE MEANS NIGHT INSTEAD OF MORNING, AND PENTHOUSE INSTEAD OF BASEMENT! COME ON --- WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT... THE HISS OF SLEEPING VAPORS FROM THE JOKER'S GAS GUN...

HA! HA! PLEASANT DREAMS, MY FRIENDS! WHILE YOU SLEEP, I SHALL WORK!



AND SWIFTLY, QUIETLY, HE WORKS WITHIN THE SILENCED ROOM...

THIS IS FUN, BOSS! BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT!

HA! HA! YOU'LL GET PLENTY VERY SOON!



WHAT'S THIS? A PRICELESS GEM EMBEDDED IN THE BASE OF EACH SAUCER?

NOW TO REPLACE THE GEMS WITH MY GLASS SUBSTITUTES! THE FOOLS WILL THINK THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER UPSIDE-DOWN PRANK! HA! HA! HERE COMES BATMAN --- JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE!

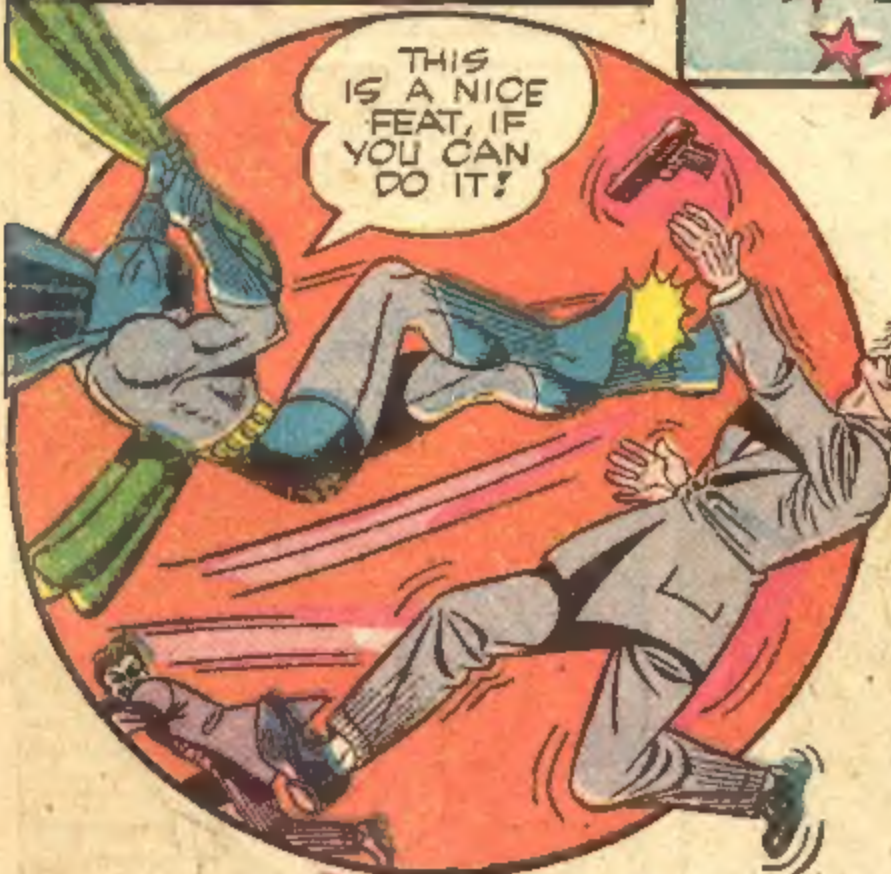


LIKE STREAKING METEORS, THE CLOAKED DEFENDERS OF JUSTICE HURL THEMSELVES AT THE JOKER'S HIRELINGS...

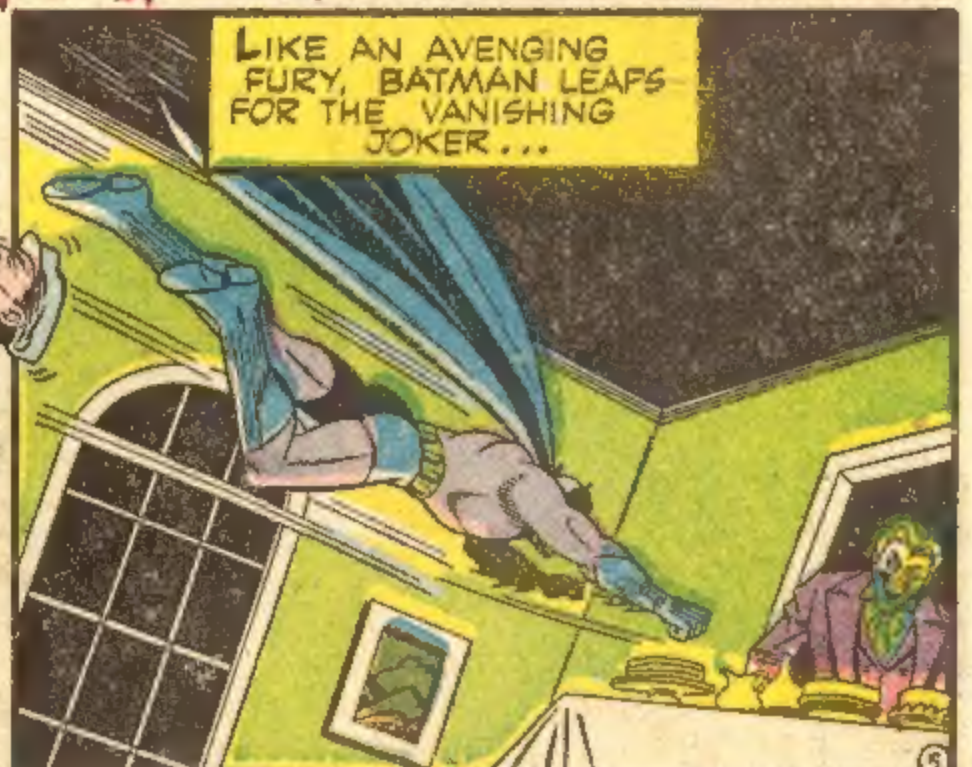
MUGG MEET MAT! BOT-TOM'S UP!

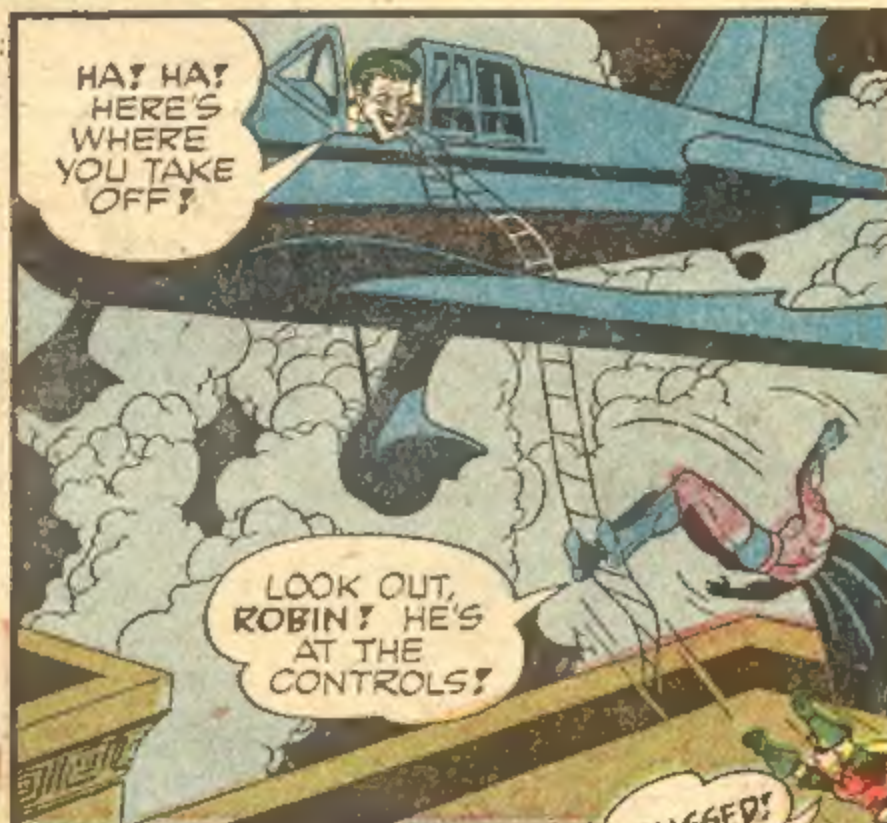
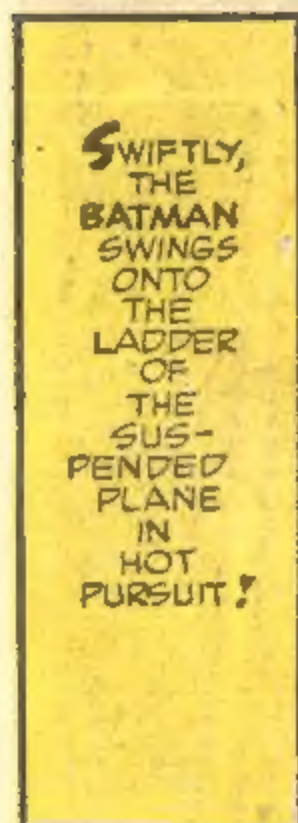


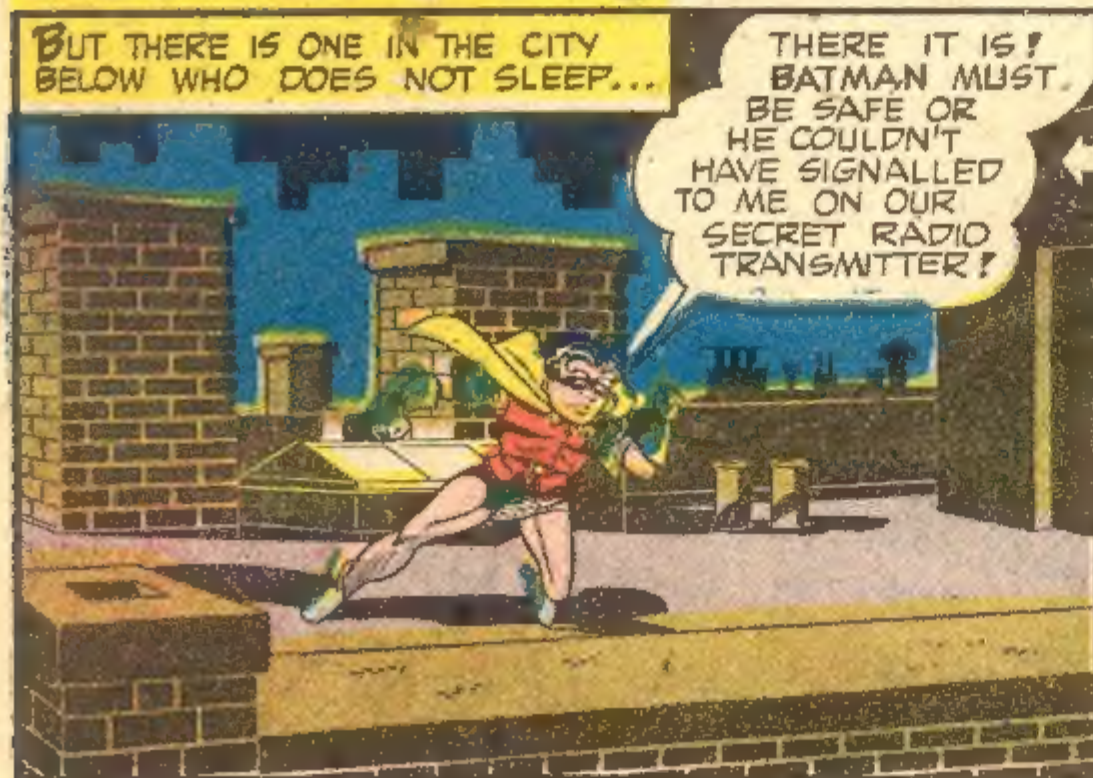
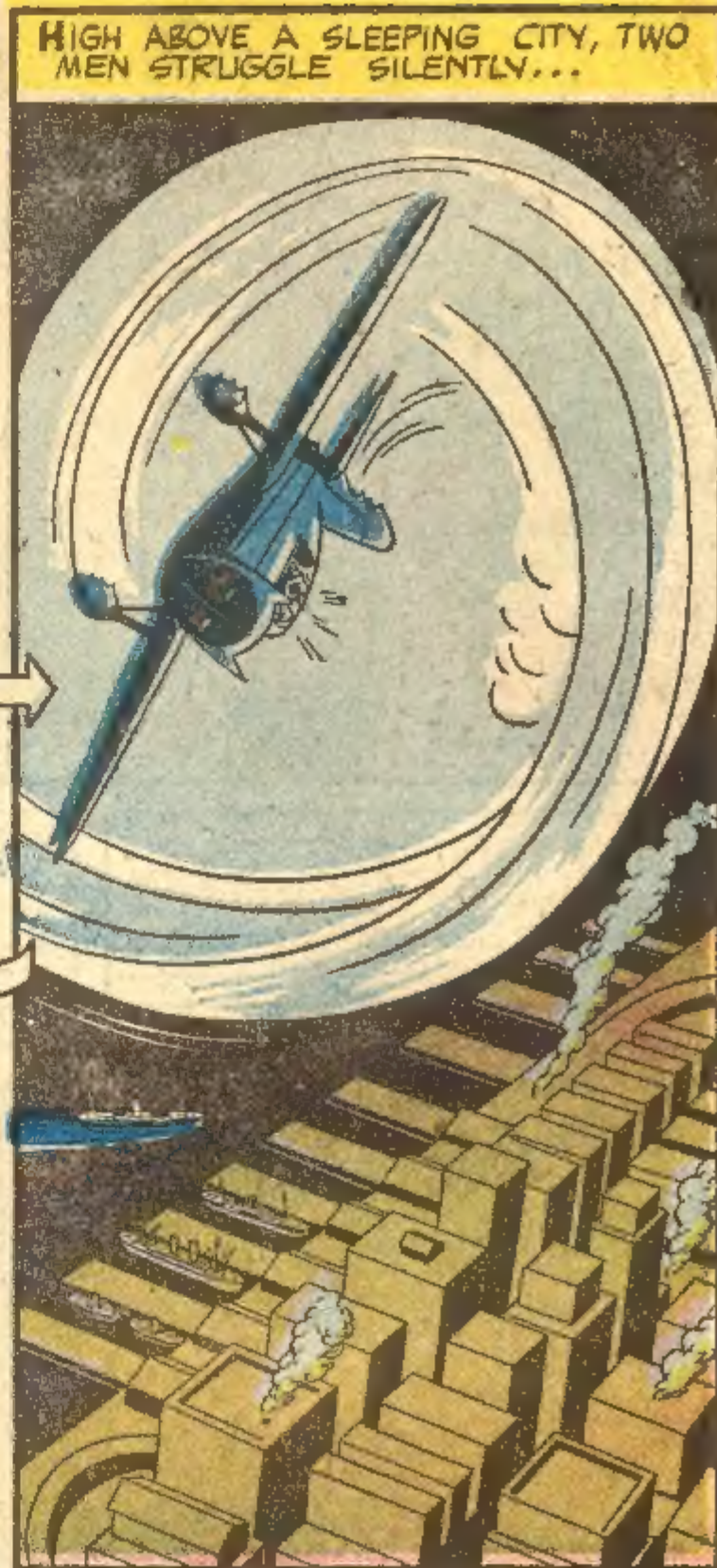
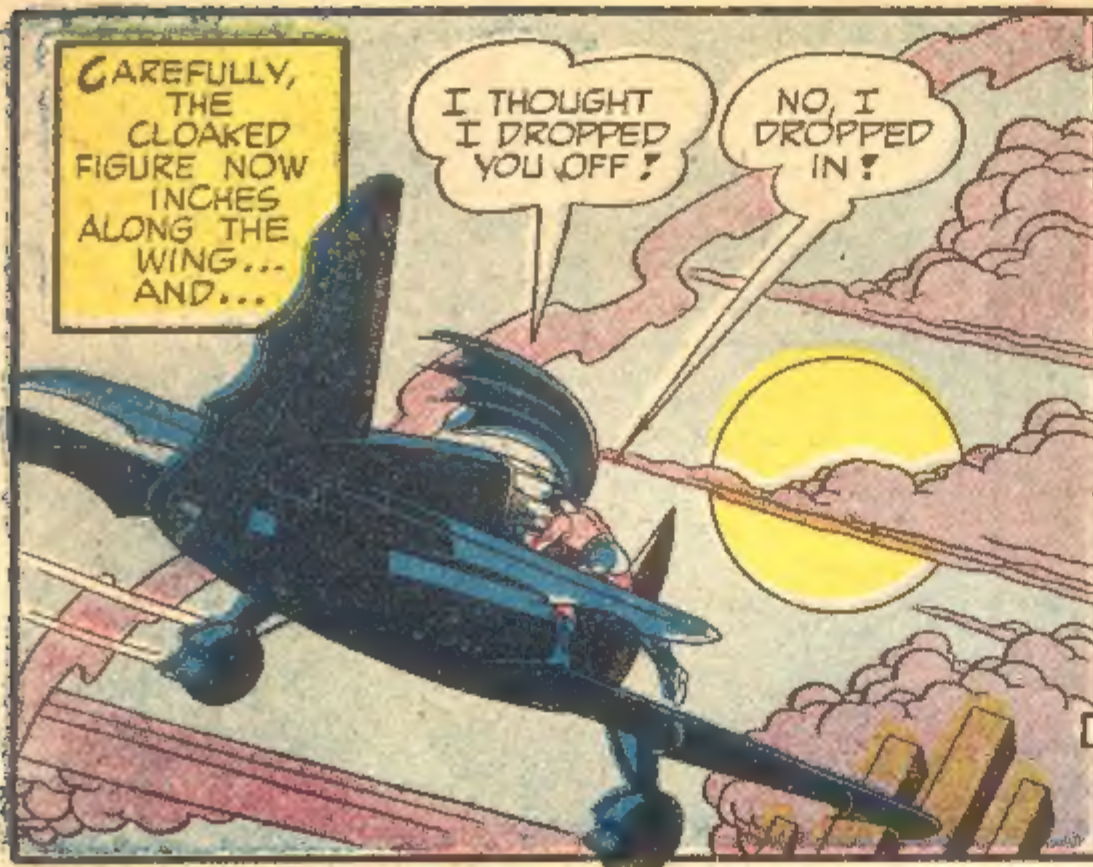
THIS IS A NICE FEAT, IF YOU CAN DO IT!

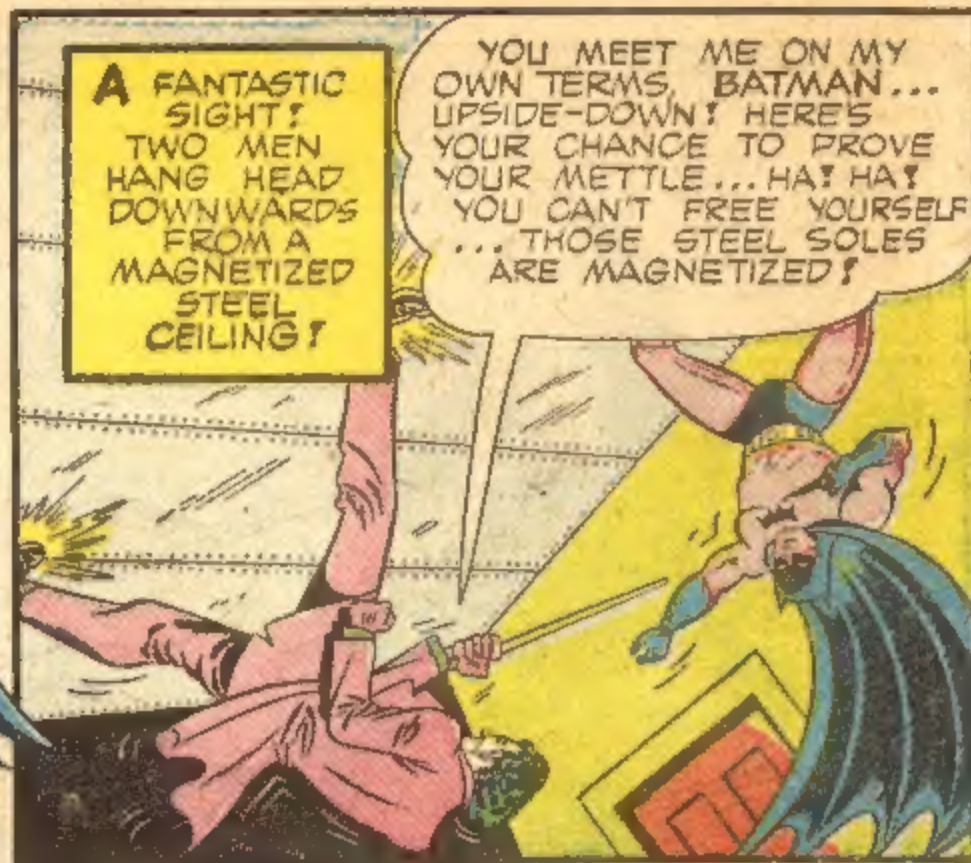


LIKE AN AVENGING FURY, BATMAN LEAPS FOR THE VANISHING JOKER...

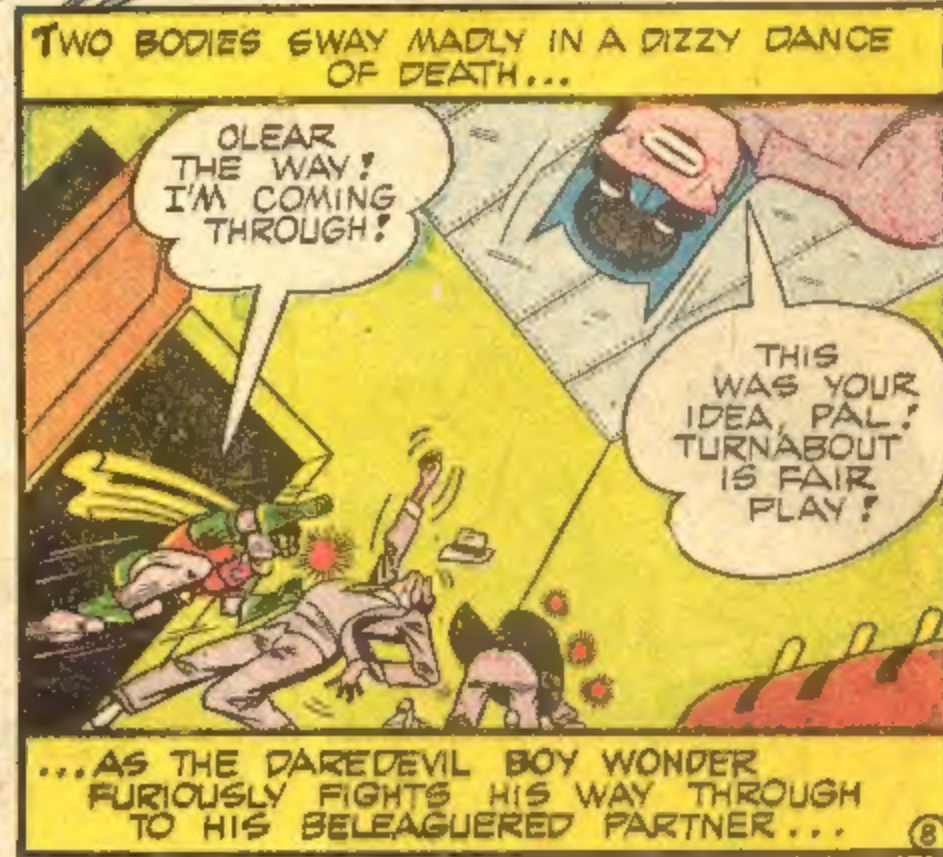
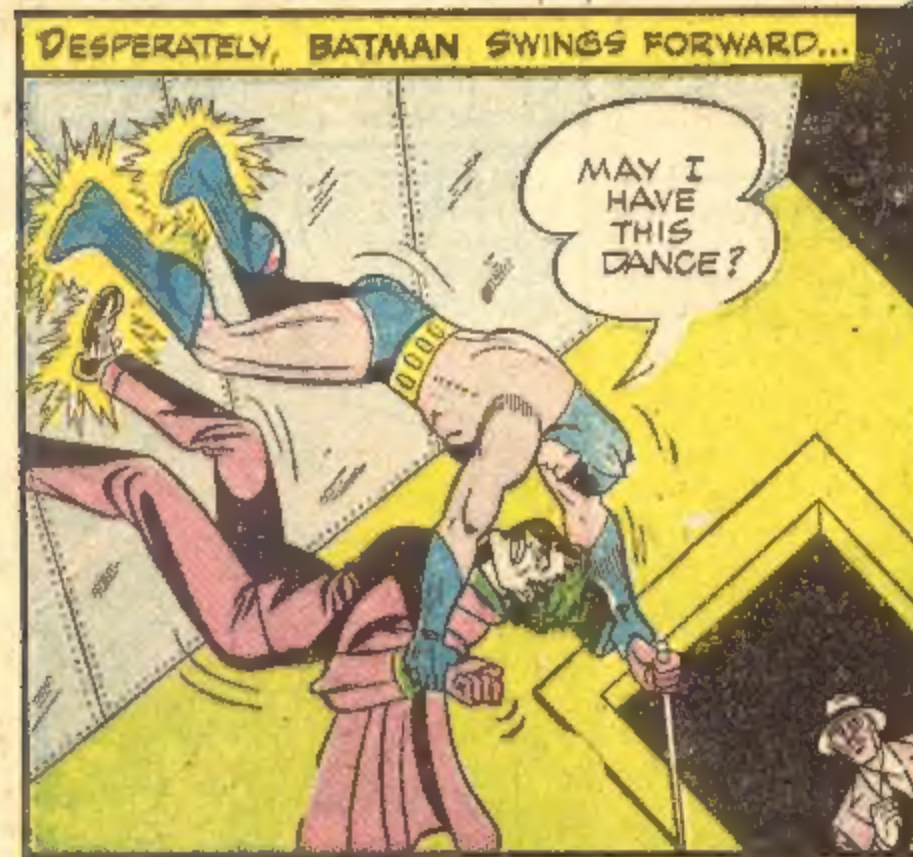
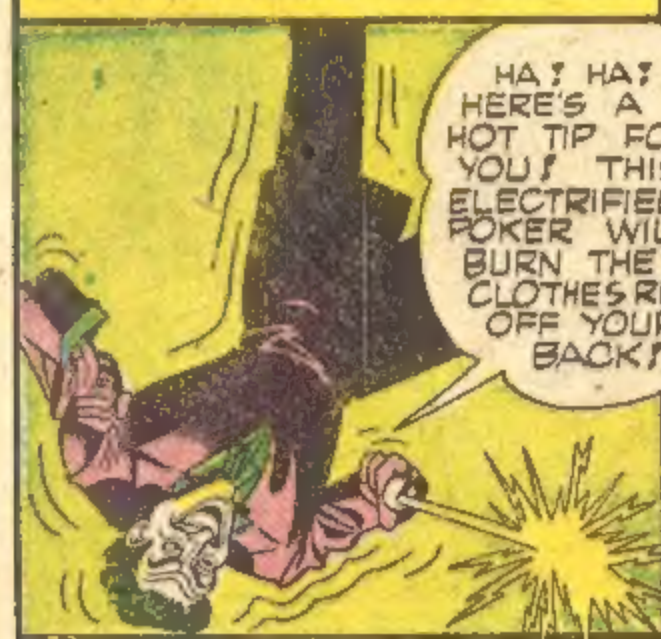








THUS STARTS THE ODDEST BATTLE IN HISTORY... JUSTICE AGAINST EVIL... KEEN WITS AGAINST TRICKERY... WHILE TWO MEN HANG SUSPENDED...



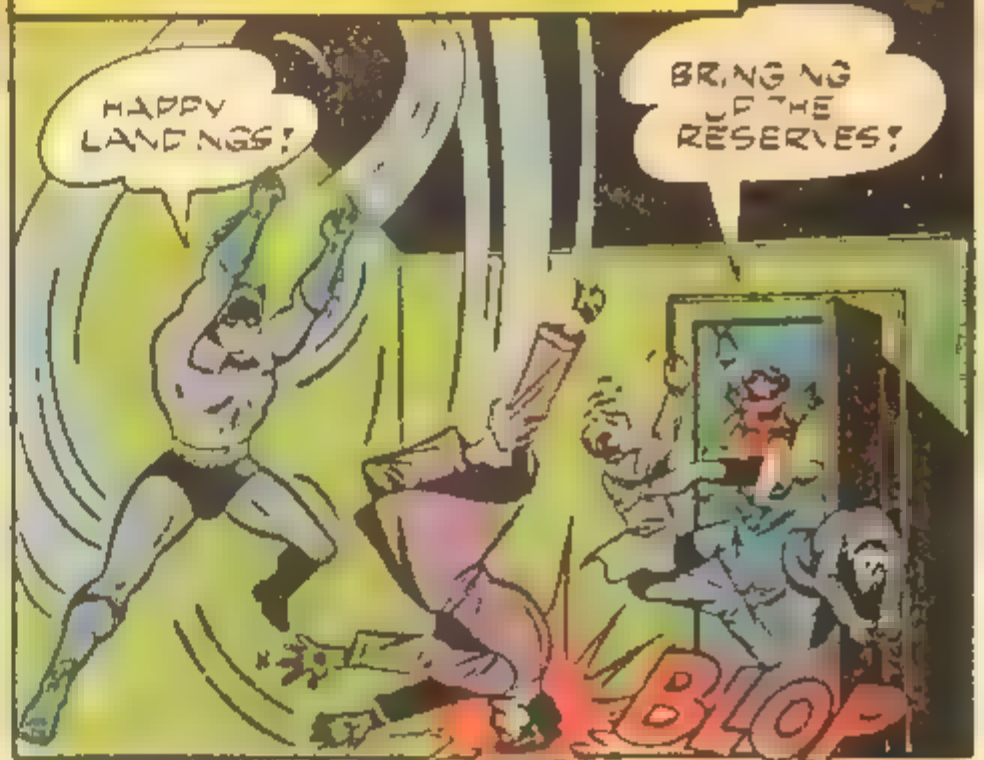
...AS THE DAREDEVIL BOY WONDER FURIOUSLY FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH TO HIS BELEAGUERED PARTNER...



THE CHANGED POKER
BATMAN TAKES
THE MAGNETIC



... DESTROYING THE
POWERFUL MAGNETIC PULL...



HAPPY
LANDINGS!

BRINGING
UP THE
RESERVES!

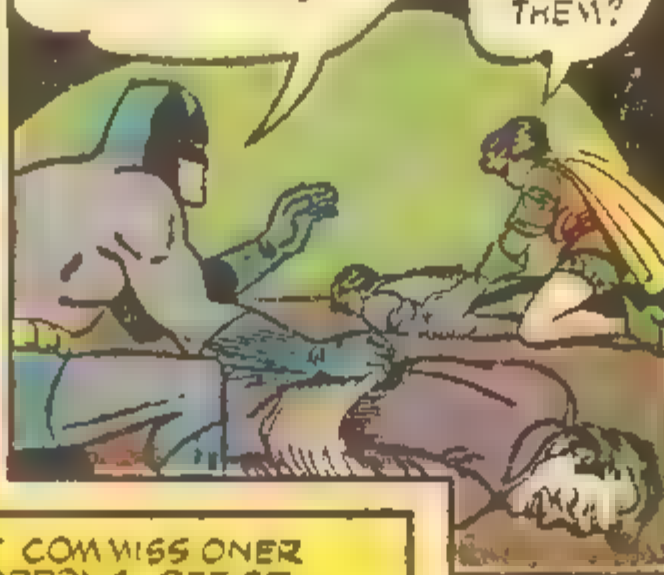
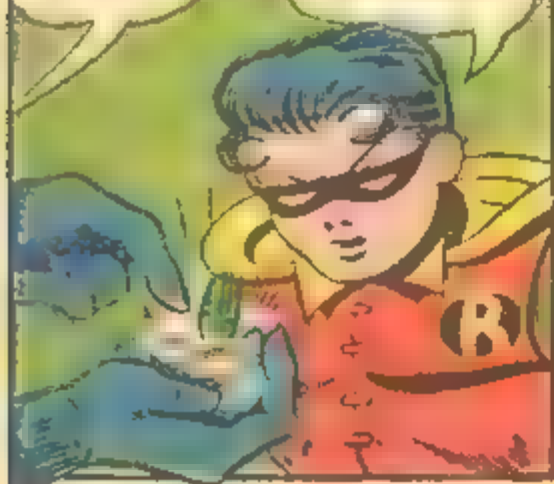
BLOP

GOOD BOY
ROBIN! YOU'RE
LOOKING GREAT!
THEY'RE THE
SAME! THE
JOKER'S
MAGNETIC
PULL...

THEY'RE THE
SAME! THE
JOKER'S
MAGNETIC
PULL...

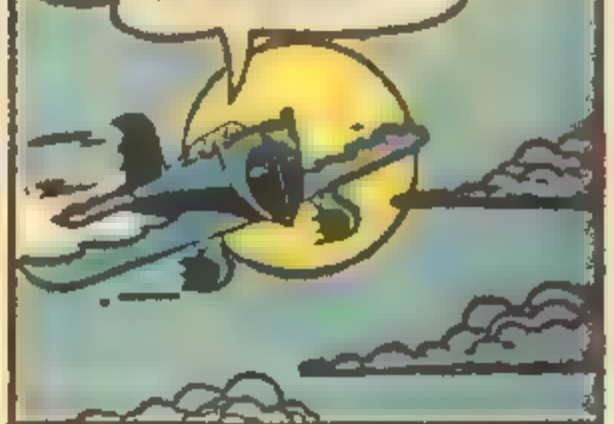
WE'LL LEAVE MR.
PENNYMAN TIED
UP AND LOCKED
IN TIGHT! HE CAN'T
GET OUT OF THIS
STEEL ROOM!
THE POLICE WILL
PICK THEM UP
WHEN WE RETURN
THESE GEMS!

BUT
HOW
DID
YOU
FIND
THEM?

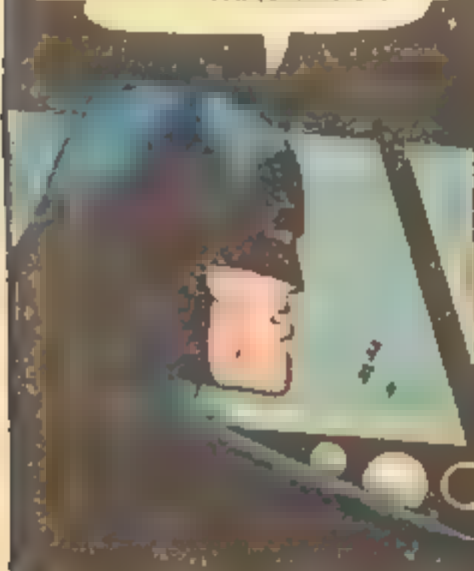


AGAINST THE NEWLY RISEN
MOON, THE LOOKING BATPLANE
TAKES FORM ONCE AGAIN...

IT WAS SIMPLE ROBIN! AT
THE PARTY, THE JOKER
KNOCKED ME BACKWARDS
AND MY HAND HIT ONE OF
THE GEMMERS! IT WAS
VERY STICKY ON THE
BOTTOM... AND THE BIG
CENTER RUBY MOVED
WHEN I TOUCHED IT!
DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO
INVESTIGATE!



BUT I REALIZED THE
JOKER HAD CUT OUT
THE JEWELS AND,
USING PLAIN RUBBER
CEMENT, REPLACED
THEM WITH FAKES!
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE
THAT MADMAN.



AT COMMISSIONER
GORDON'S OFFICE,
THE CRIME-FIGHTER
CONTINUES HIS STORY...

WHEN I WAS AT THE
JOKER'S HOLOUT,
JUST AS I RECOVERED
CONSCIOUSNESS,
I SAW HIM SLIP THE
GEMS UNDER A LOOSE
FLOOR BOARD! AND
HERE THEY ARE!

SIR
BATMAN,
I AM
MOST
GRATEFUL
TO YOU!
THESE
STONES
ARE PRICELESS!

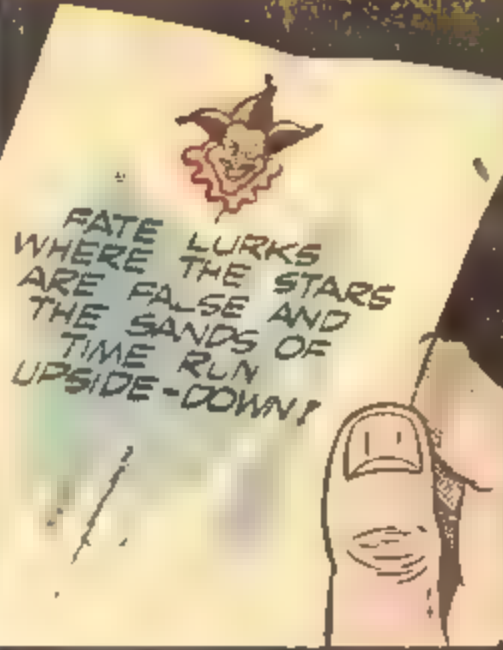


WE GOT YOUR
MESSAGE FROM
THE SHORTRANGE
BATPLANE RADIO!
OUR MEN RACED
OVER TO THE
JOKER'S
HANGOUT...
BUT THE
JOKER
AND HIS
MEN HAD
ALL
CLEARED
OUT!

THE ELECTRIC
POKER! I FORGOT
ABOUT THAT!
IT WAS LYING
NEAR THE JOKER'S
HAND! HE MUST
HAVE USED IT
TO BURN OFF
HIS ROPES ---
AND THEN
BURNED THROUGH
THE LOCK ON
THAT STEEL DOOR!
THIS MEANS WE
CAN EXPECT TO
HEAR FROM
HIM SOON!

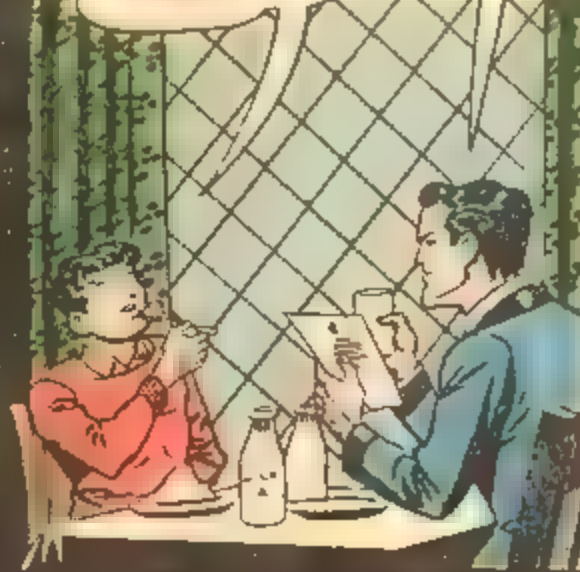


DAYS PASS... THEN ONCE AGAIN... A CRYPTIC MESSAGE FROM THE MAD HERRYWAKER!

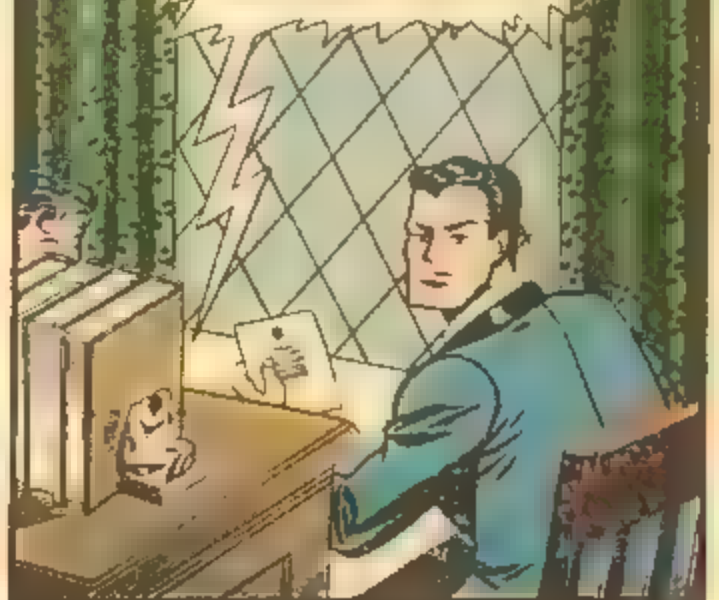


BOY! THE JOKER IS GETTING POETIC! DO YOU THINK HE'S PLANNING TO PULL A JOB AT THE BEACH CLUB?

NOPE! IT WON'T BE AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT!



TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, FOLKS! DRESS AS YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR AND COME TO THE HOUR GLASS NITE CLUBS ANNUAL BALL!



HOOR GLASS CLUB... MOVIE STAR BALL...

...I'VE GOT IT! TIME FOR DESSERT LATER ROBIN, WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

AW GEE! IT'S STRAWBERRY, TOO! WAIT LL I GET THAT JOKER... SPOILING MY DESSERT!



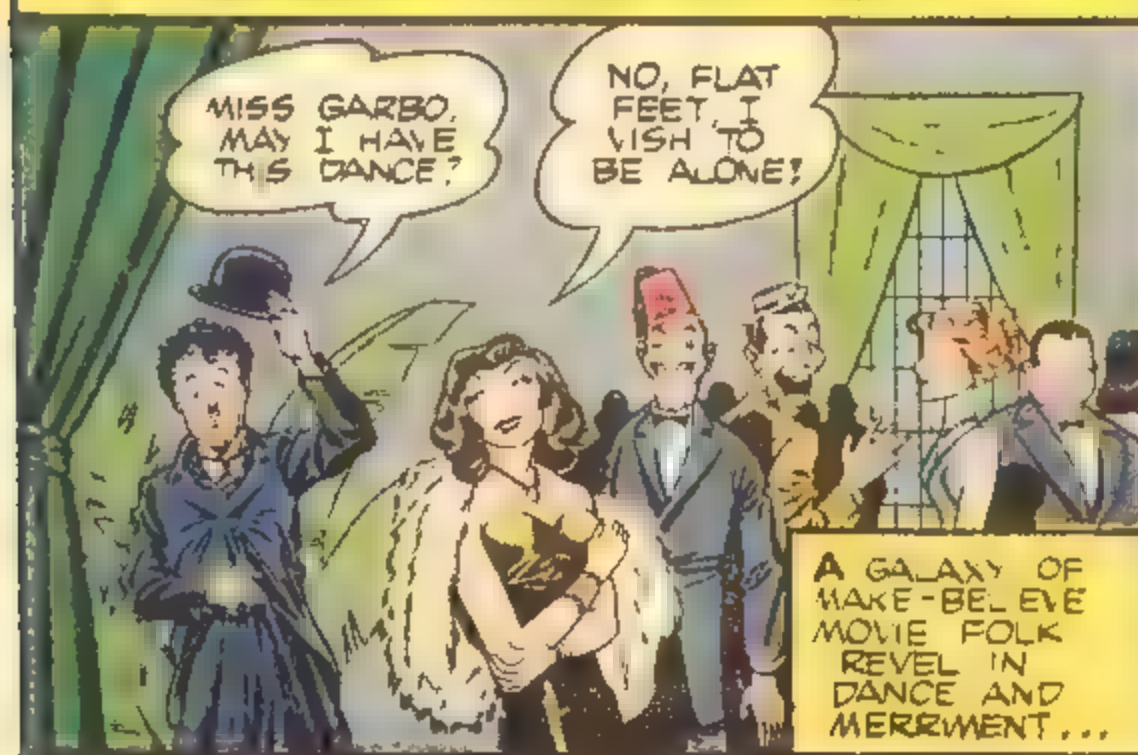
ONCE MORE, LIKE SILENT SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT, BATMAN AND ROBIN RACE SWFTLY THROUGH THE DARKENED CITY STREETS..



SAY - WHAT'S THE HURRY? AND, NO DENTALLY, WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WERE GOING TO THE HOOR GLASS NITE CLUB "SANDS OF TIME RUN UPSIDE-DOWN" MEANT AN HOUR GLASS! "STARS ARE FALSE"... MEANT THE BALL TONIGHT, WHERE EVERYONE WILL COME AS A MOVIE STAR!

AT THE HOUR GLASS, WHERE SOCIETY'S ELITE COME COSTUMED AS "STARS FOR A NIGHT!"



WHILE A MORE SINISTER MANTLED FIGURE LURKS QUIETLY IN A SECLUDED CORNER...

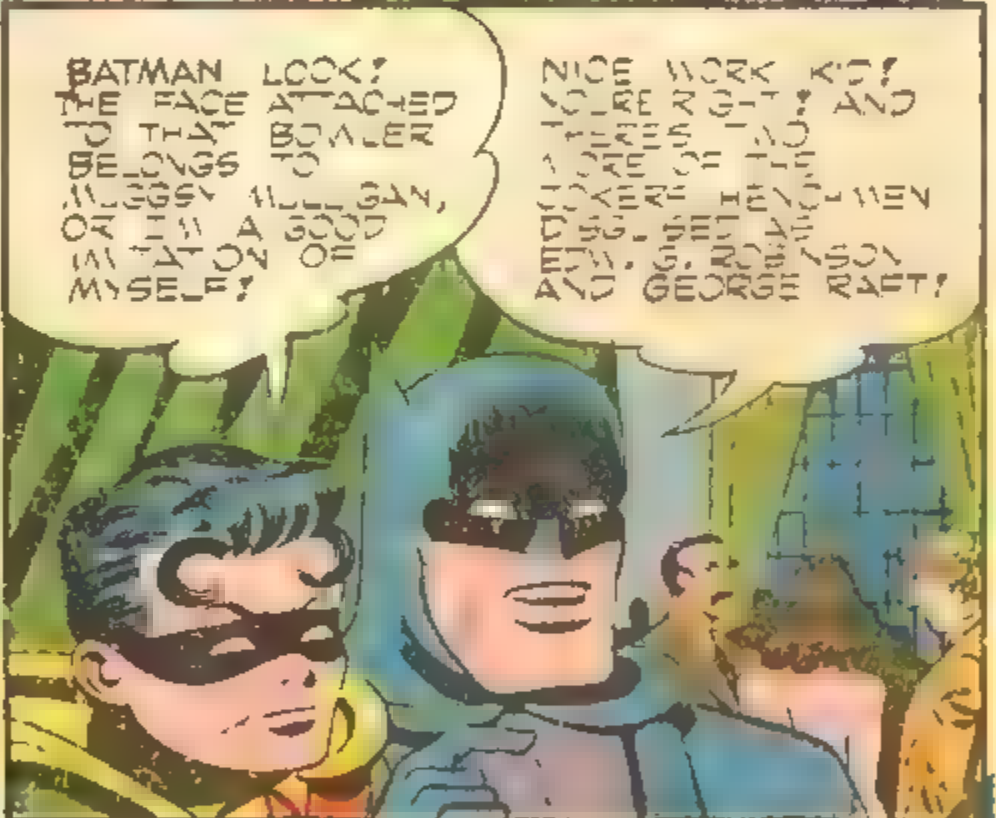
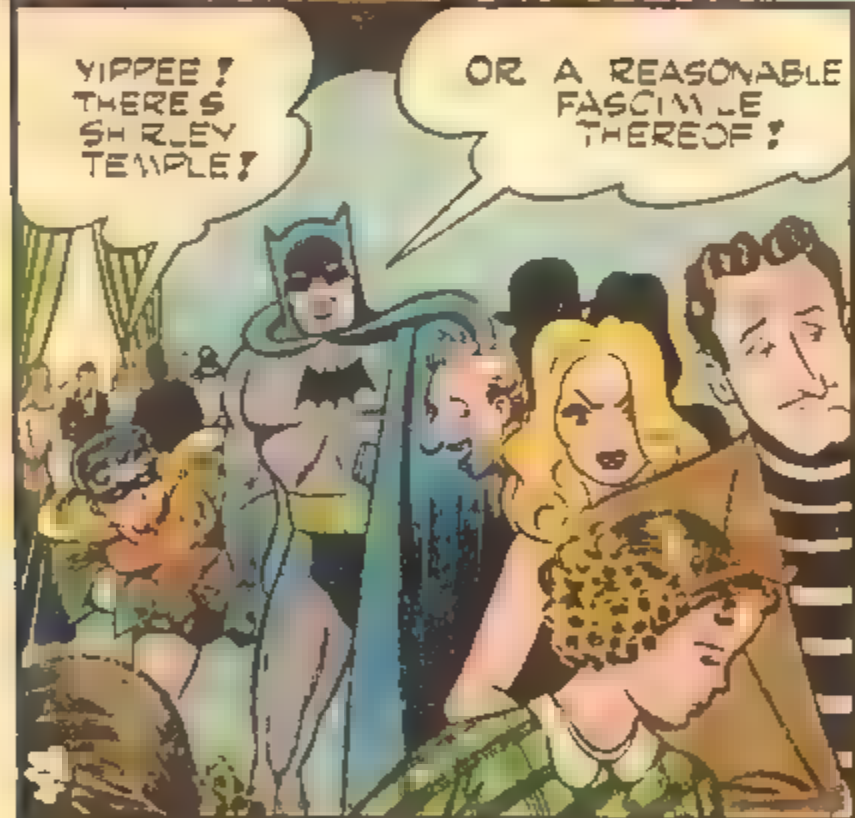
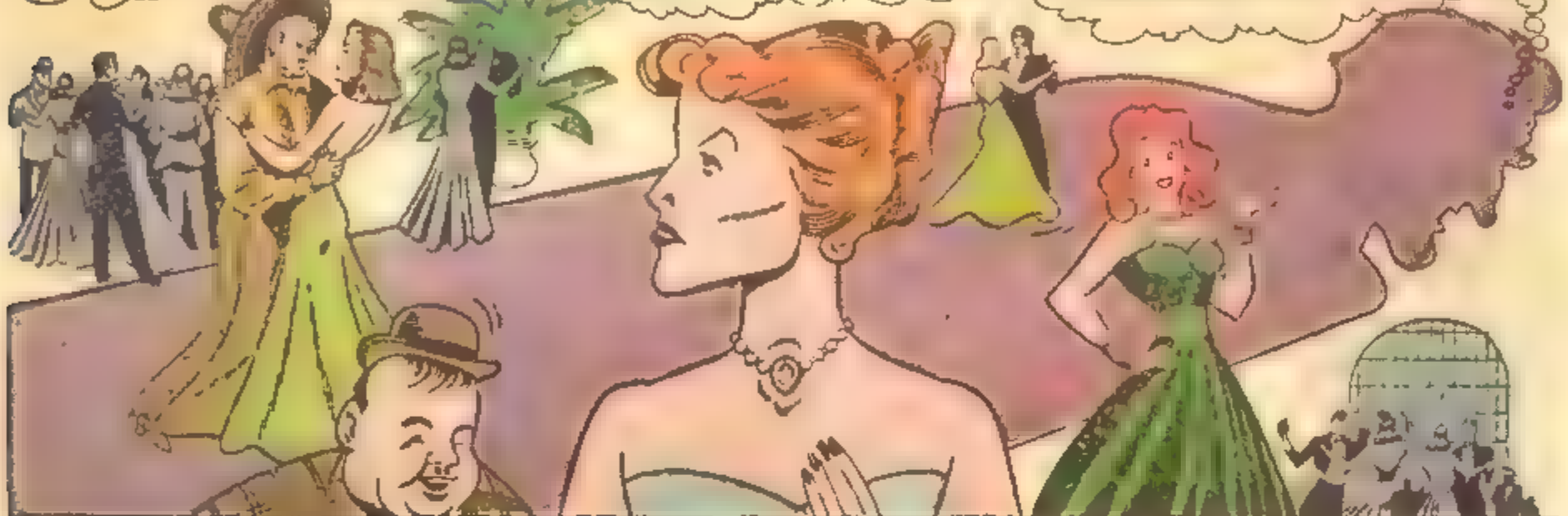




YOU, GARBO, ALAS MRS. VAN SNEED... SHALL LOSE THAT HER ROOM JEWEL THAT FLASHES AT YOUR THROAT?

AND YOU LA HEPBURN... BETTER KNOWN AS NAN WINSLOW... WILL MISS THAT PRETTY RUBY YOUR FANCE JUST GAVE YOU?

HAY HAY AND THERES MISS HATHAW COME HATE US AS THE FAR LONGER ROGERS? TOO BAD THAT EMERALD NECKLACE WILL BE GONE WITH YOUR RED HAIR TOMORROW! HAY HAY!



SUDDENLY... WITHOUT WARNING... THE CLUB IS THROWN INTO DARKNESS!

... AND AN EERE VOICE TALKS INTO THE DARK... AS A SUDDEN BLAST OF WIND SWEEPS THROUGH THE ROOM... TURNING IT TOPSE-TURVY...

HAY HAY! THE HOUR HAS STRUCK! NOW FATE LEADS THE DANCE! AND THE GLASS TURNS UPSIDE-DOWN TO SPILL ITS PRECIOUS GRANS INTO MY HANDS!

HELLO! THERES SOMETHING CHOKING ME...OH-HH!

I...I CAN'T BREATHE...

... AND WHIPS IN CHOKING WHIRLS ABOUT THE STRUCKEN GUESTS...

BUT TWO CLOAKED CHAMPIONS OF THE NIGHT CATAPULT FORWARD TO THE RESCUE...

WE'RE ONE UP ON THE JOKER THIS TIME! GOOD THING I THOUGHT OF PLITTING THAT MED CATED COTTON IN OUR NOSTRILS!

YES! LUCKY WE SPOTTED THOSE YEGGS, TOO!

LIGHTS FLASH ON... A SCENE OF MAD CONFUSION

I-I CAN HARDLY BREATHE! HELP! MY EMERALD'S GONE!

SO THAT WAS THE DEA! KNOCK 'EM OUT, TURN THE ROOM TOPSY-TURVY AND ESCAPE WITH THE JEWELS... SO EVERYONE WOULD THINK THEY HAD JUST BEEN LOST IN THE SCRAMBLE!

HI-YA! EDWARD G! ROBIN CLPS YOUR NAME TO HIS SIZE?

HEY, UGH!

HAVE YOU TWO BAD ACTORS MET?

LOOK! IT'S REALLY BATMAN AND ROBIN!

UNSEEN THE GRIM-GARBED JOKER BEGNS TO STEAL AWAY...

HA! HA! NOW TO GET AWAY WITH THE LOOT... AND LET THOSE STUP'D THUGS TAKE THE RAP FOR ME!

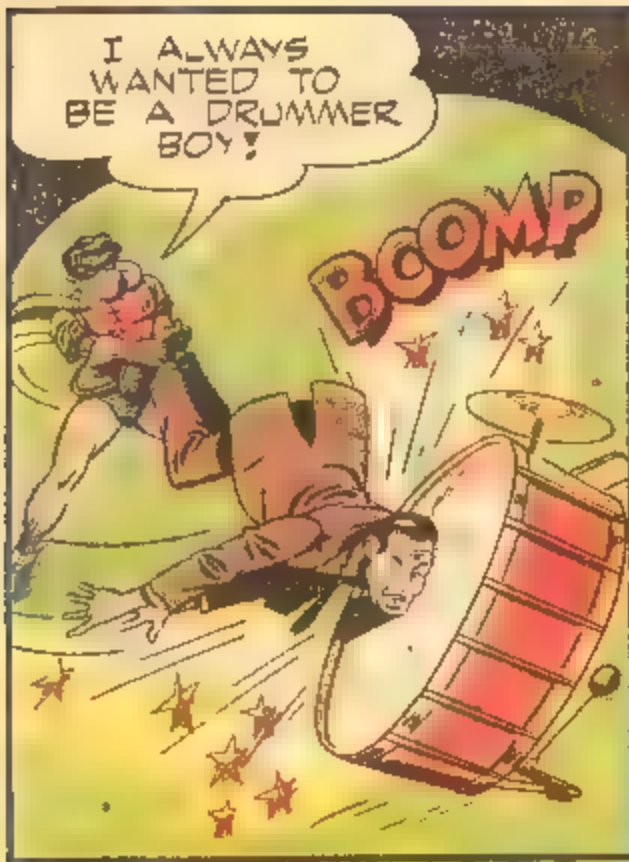
NOT SO FAST, JOKER! THE FUN HAS JUST BEGUN!

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR FRACTICING TODAY?

WAKE UP, MISS...ER... SHIRLEY! YOU'RE NOT HURT... JUST BEEN KNOCKED OUT A BIT!

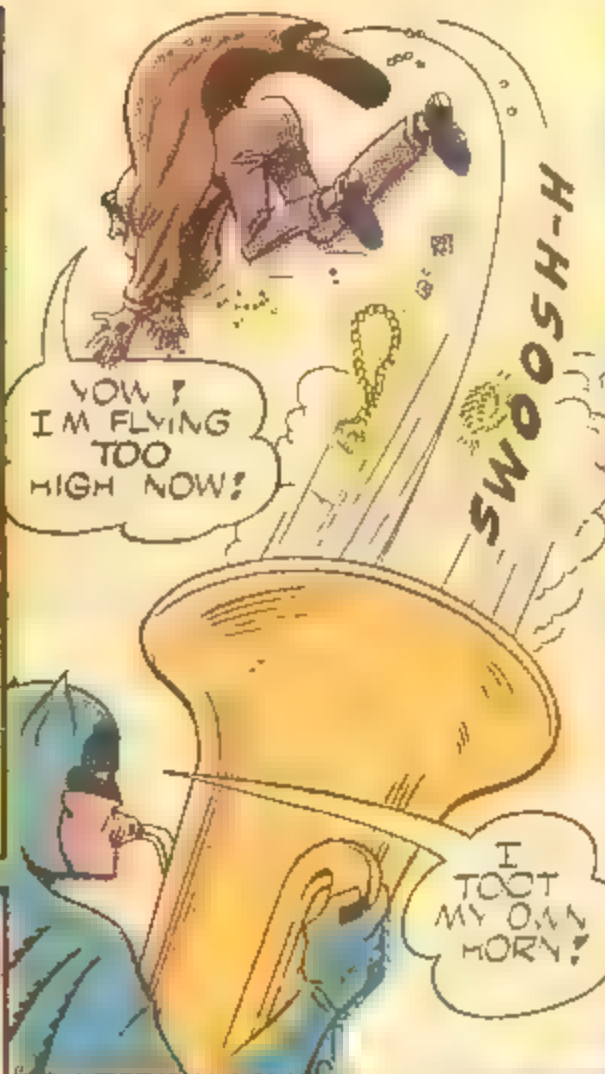
LET'S EVEN UP THE SCORE, PAL!

ULP!



I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A DRUMMER BOY!

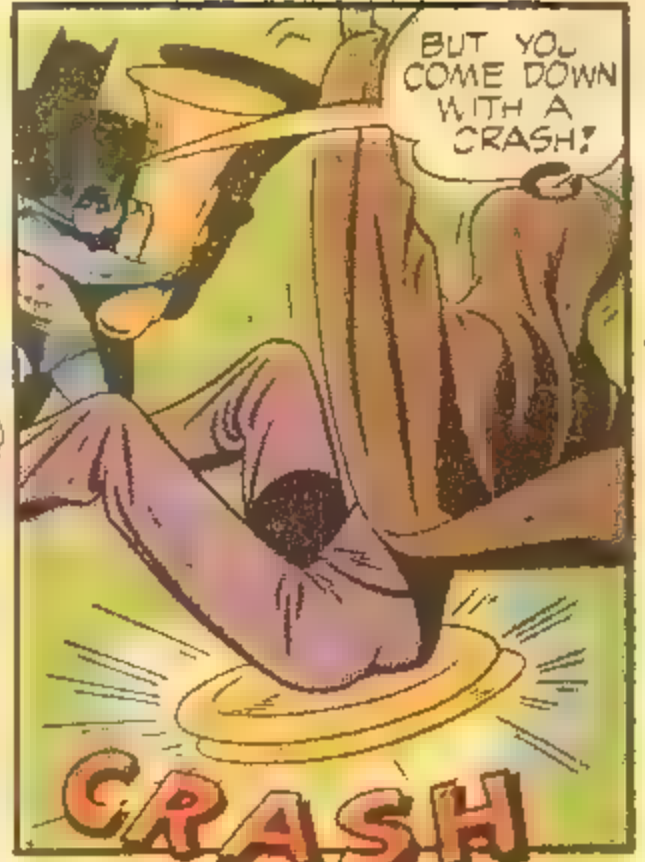
BOOMP



YOW! I'M FLYING TOO HIGH NOW!

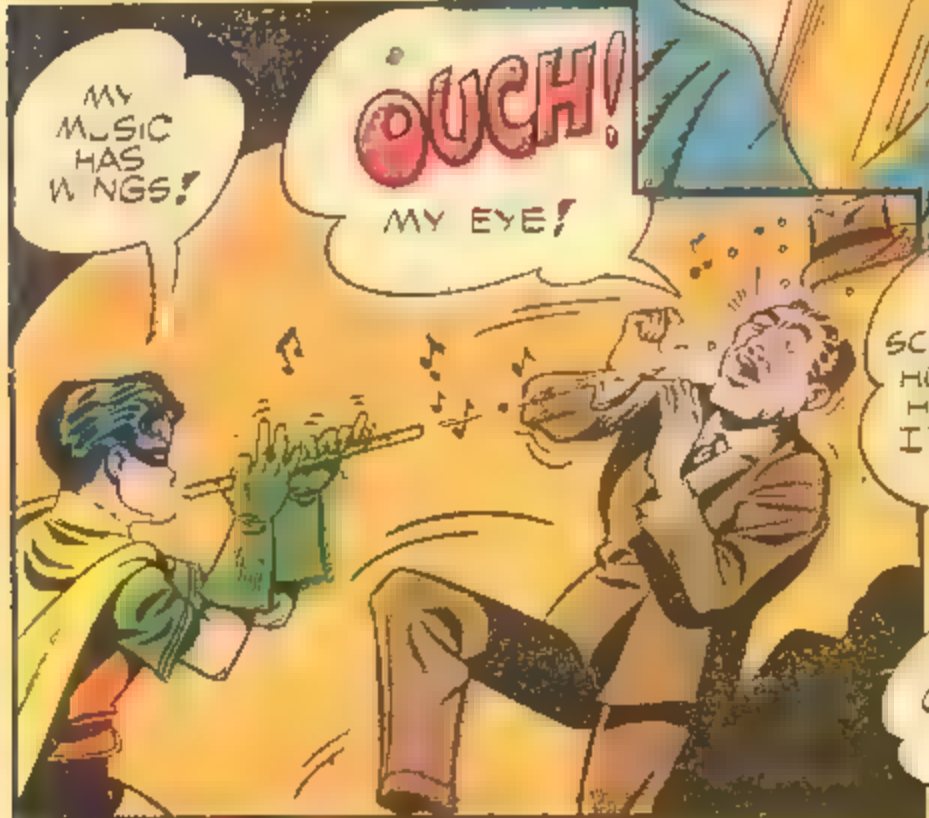
H-SWOOSH

I TOOT MY OWN HORN!



BUT YOU COME DOWN WITH A CRASH!

CRASH



MY MUSIC HAS WINGS!

OUCH!

MY EYE!

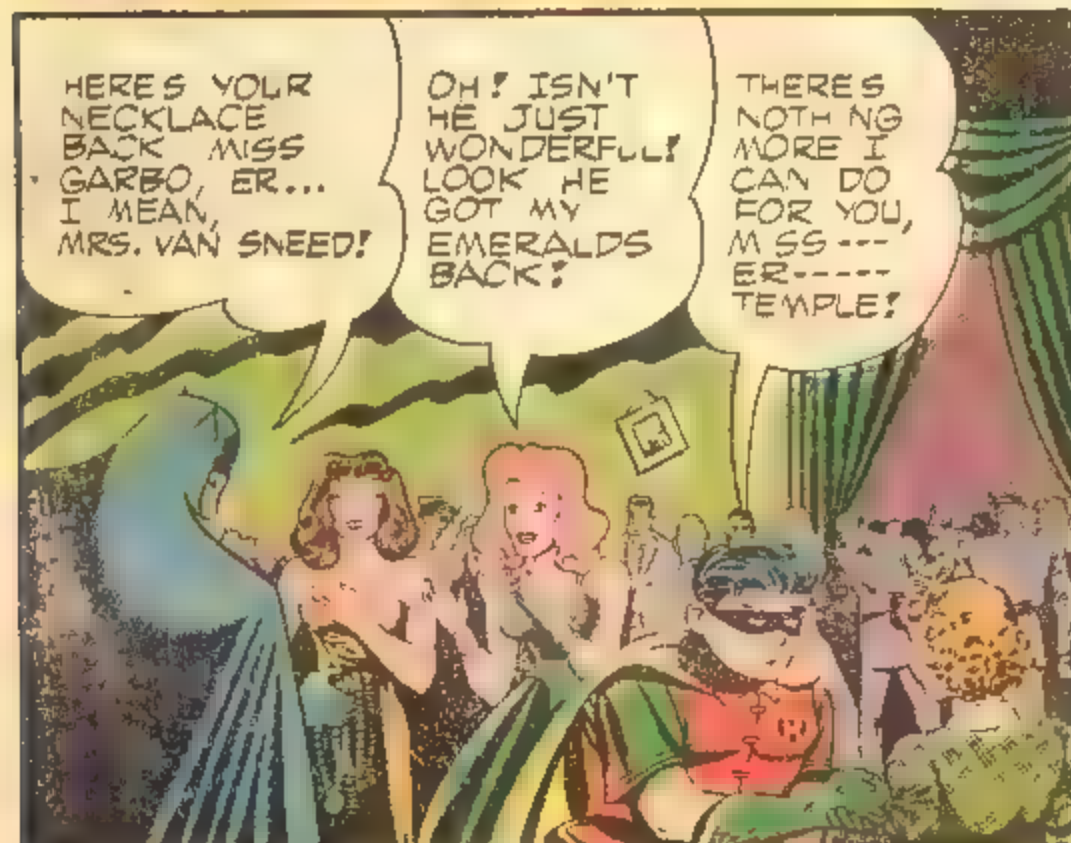
A SMOKE SCREEN! ROBIN HOLD ON TO HIS THUGS! I'VE GOT THE JEWELS!

I'VE GOT 'EM ALL!



BUT THE WILY JOKER HAS ONE MORE ACE UP HIS SLEEVE.

HAT HA! TRY WHISTLING IN THE DARK! SO-LONG, FRIENDS!



HERE'S YOUR NECKLACE BACK, MISS GARBO, ER... I MEAN, MRS. VAN SNEED!

OH! ISN'T HE JUST WONDERFUL! LOOK HE GOT MY EMERALDS BACK!

THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU, MISS --- ER --- TEMPLE!



THE NEXT DAY...

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE FOR DESSERT DICK?

HOW ABOUT SOME DELICIOUS UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE?

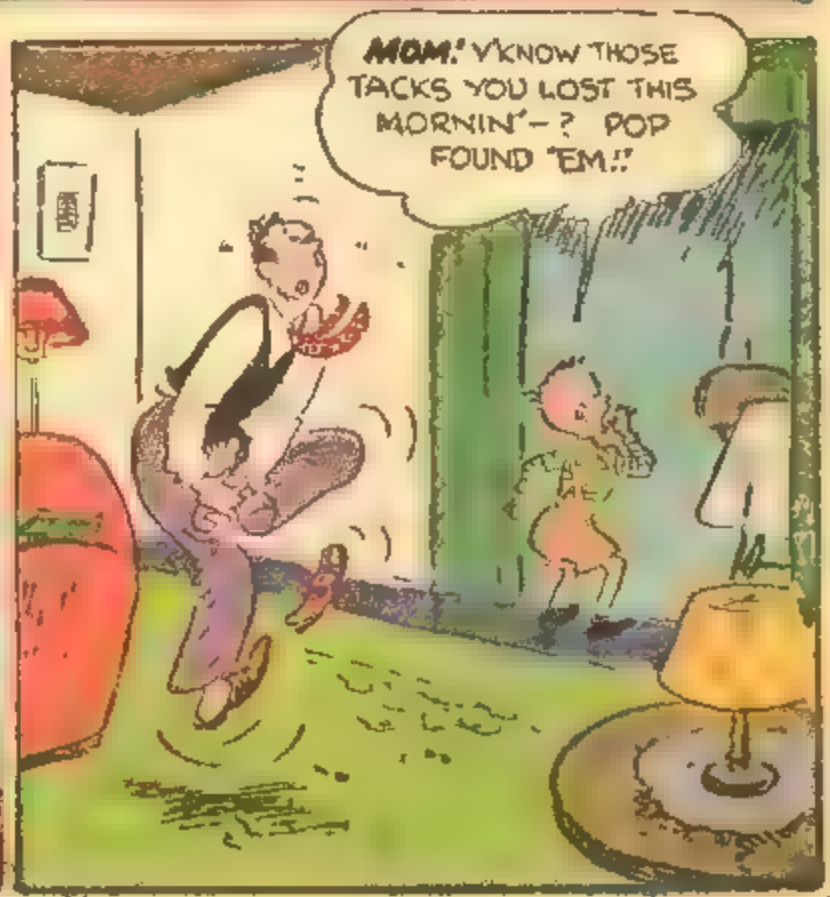
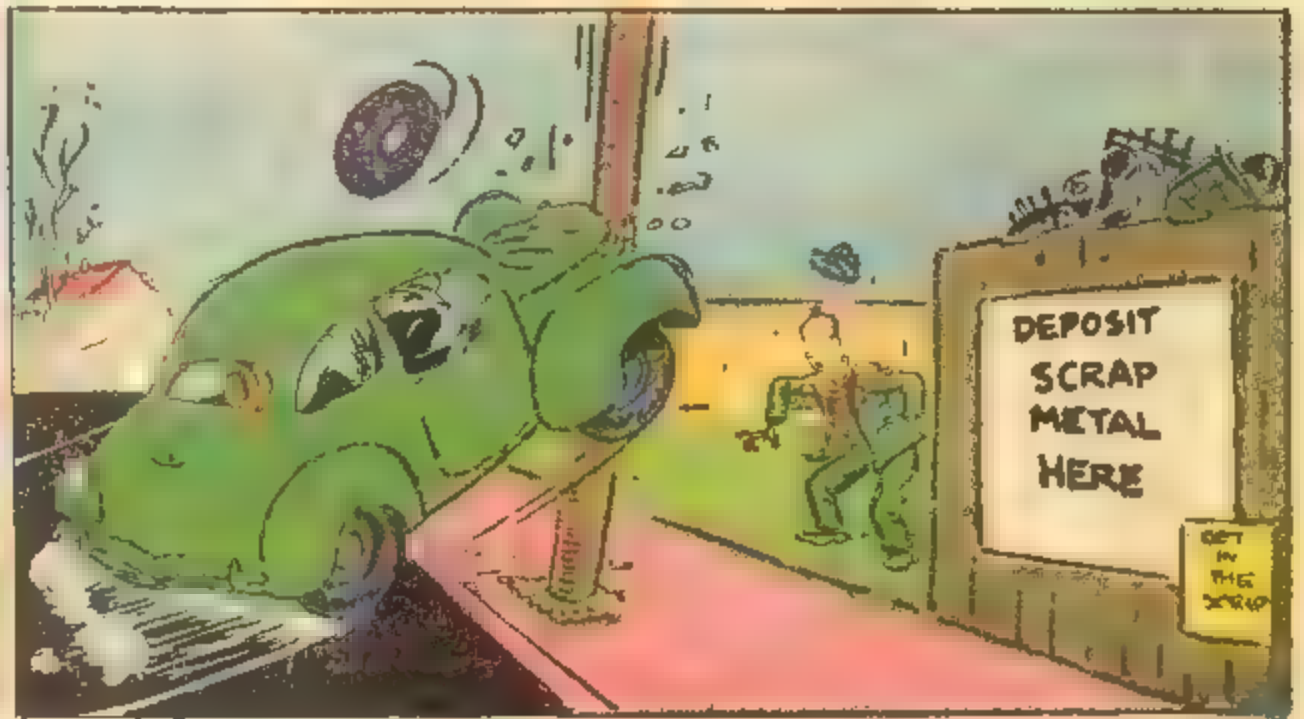
UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE! OW-W!

THE END



Life's Little Laffs

by
RAY HOULIHAN



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

ESCAPE FROM TWO-WAY DEATH!

MEN, THIS COURSE IS A REAL TEST UNDER FIRE. YOU'RE TO CRAWL THROUGH THAT AREA. LIVE AMMUNITION WILL BE SHOT LESS THAN 3 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. STAY DOWN OR ELSE

OH-HO- REAL BULLETS?

C'MON, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, QUICKIE

O.K., PAL - FIRST ONE THROUGH WINS A ROYAL CROWN COLA AND I'LL HAVE ONE TOO!

WOW! A RATTLESNAKE! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING BEFORE QUICKIE SEES IT SO CLOSE TO HIM HE'LL JUMP UP RIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE

SUDDENLY R.C. SEES A DEADLY RATTLESNAKE

REACHING OVER, HE GRABS THE POISONOUS REPTILE BEHIND THE JAWS

HEY, QUICKIE I JUST CAUGHT A LITTLE PET FOR YOU TO TAME. HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANY NOW

WUH! OH MY GOSH

QUICK THINKING, "R.C."

BOY-OH-BOY! YOU SURE SAVED ME FROM BEING SHOT OR BITTEN OR BOTH

FORGET IT PAL, BUT DON'T FORGET I WON SOMETHING FROM YOU!

I REALLY NEEDED A "QUICK-UP" THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE TASTES GOOD

GOOD? WHY, QUICKIE, THIS IS THE BEST TASTING COLA YOU CAN GET, AND 20 MOVIE STARS BACK ME UP

AT THE CANTEEN

FAMOUS FILM COWBOY HOOT GIBSON says:

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

PAID FOR BY ROYAL CROWN COLA CO.

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

ADVENTURE IS HIS DAILY ROUTINE... MENACE IS THE CHALLENGE THAT SPURS HIM TO DAZZLING ACTION... PERIL IS THE SPICE THAT GUARANTEES THE BEST YOU'VE SEEN THE RECKLESS, ROLICKING ROBIN TAKE THEM ALL IN STRIDE, FIGHTING BESIDE THE BATTLING BATMAN TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DECENT PEOPLE. BUT NOW A NEW INGREDIENT IS ADDED TO THE MIXTURE--ROMANCE--AND THE RESULT IS GUARANTEED TO SURPRISE YOU AS THE BOY WONDER DARTS ALONG DEVOUS PATHS OF DANGER, DARING DEATH FROM GANGSTER GUNS TO RESCUE A VERY PRETTY LITTLE--

"DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!" By

BOB
KANE



YOU'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE
AND YOU'LL SEE HIM AGAIN--
THE MIGHTY BATMAN'S DARING
YOUNG COMRADE IN
COMBAT--ROBIN



HERE
WE GO!

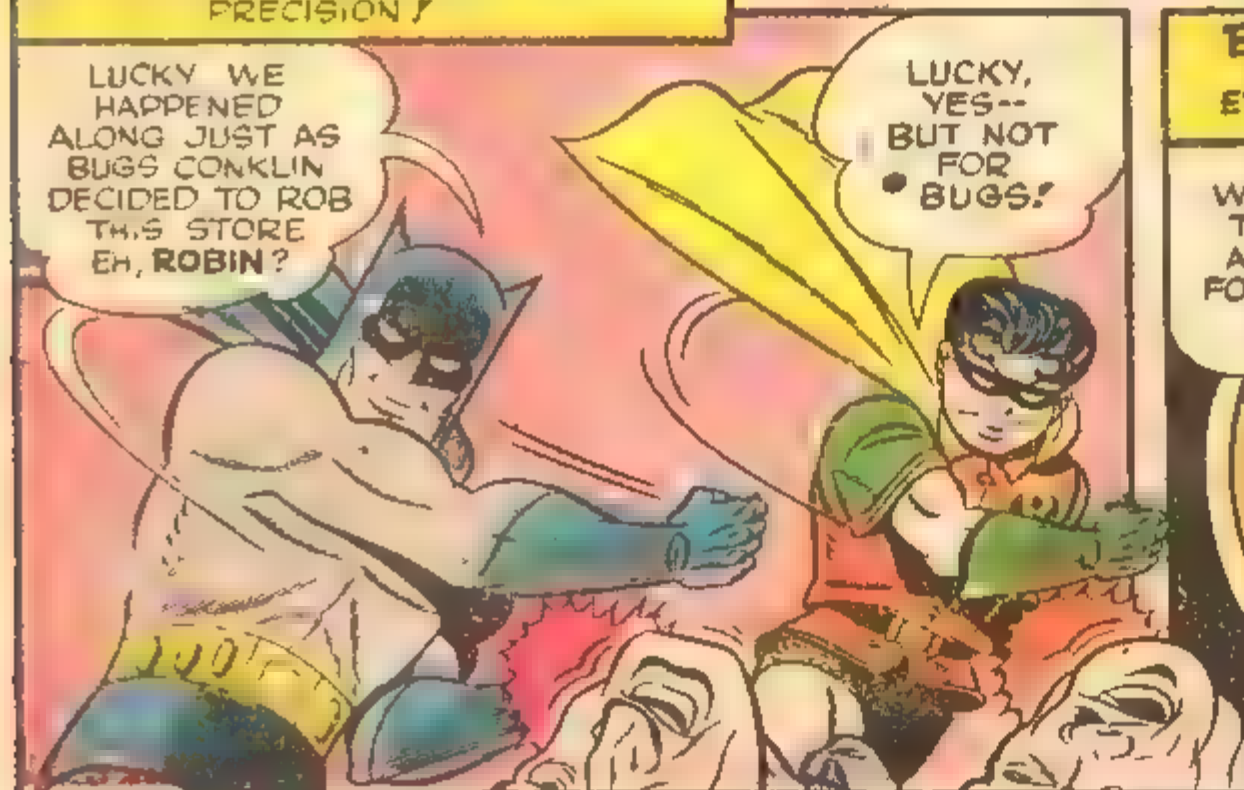


HOW'M I
DOING,
BATMAN?

NICE
TIMING,
FELLA?

A PERFECT FIGHTING TEAM, THESE
TWO, GEARED TO SPLIT-SECOND
PRECISION!

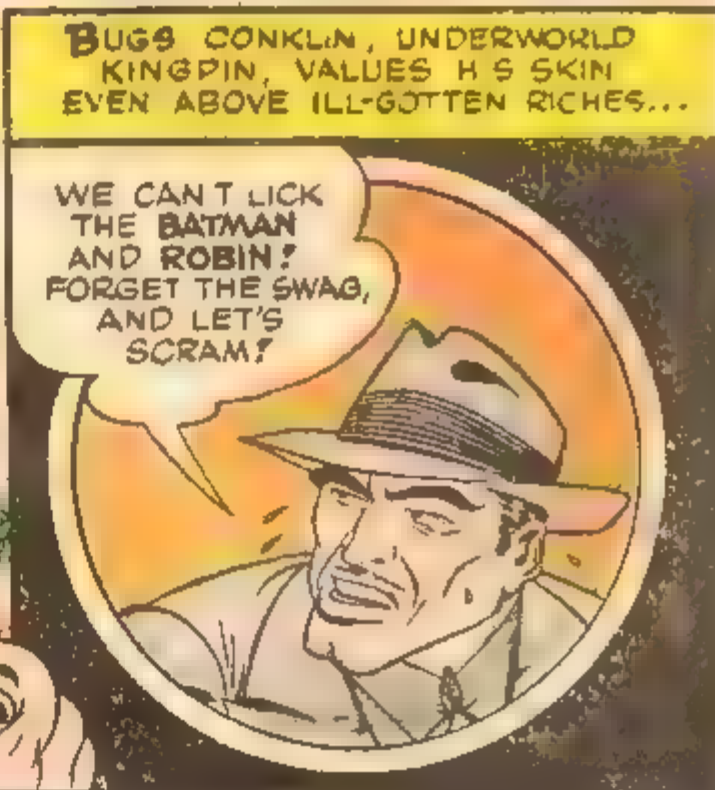
LUCKY WE
HAPPENED
ALONG JUST AS
BUGS CONKLIN
DECIDED TO ROB
THIS STORE
EH, ROBIN?



LUCKY,
YES--
BUT NOT
FOR
BUGS?

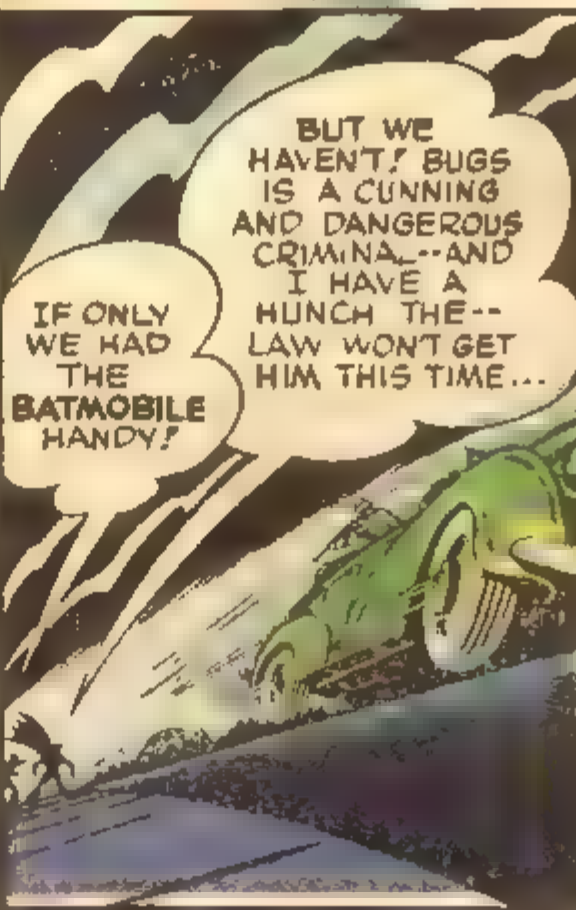
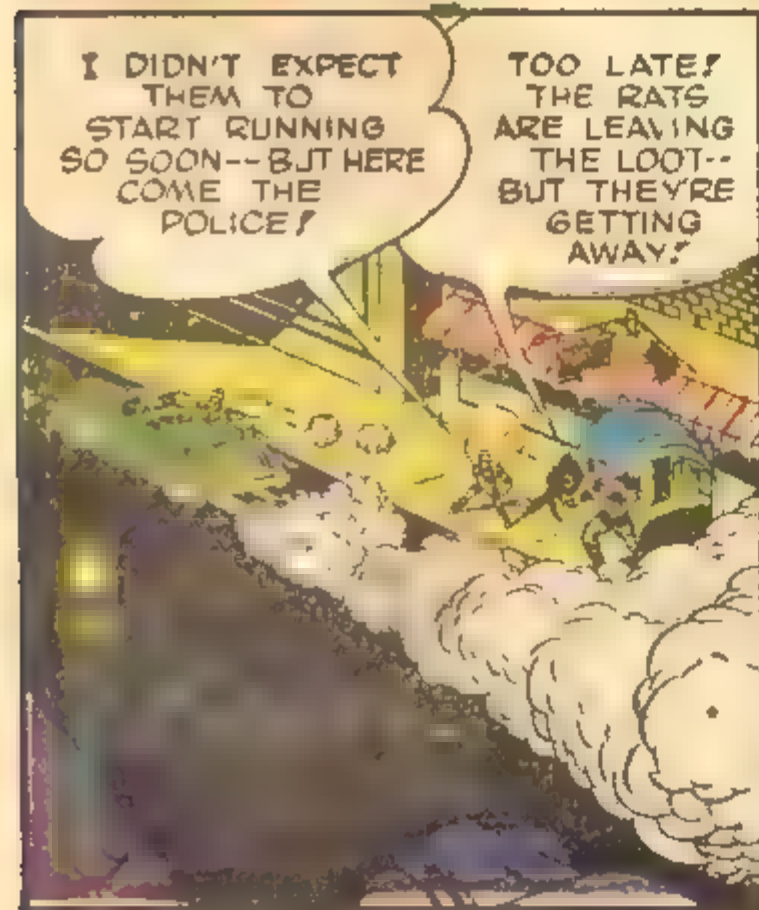
BUGS CONKLIN, UNDERWORLD
KINGPIN, VALUES HIS SKIN
EVEN ABOVE ILL-GOTTEN RICHES...

WE CAN'T LICK
THE BATMAN
AND ROBIN?
FORGET THE SWAG,
AND LET'S
SCRAM?



I DIDN'T EXPECT
THEM TO
START RUNNING
SO SOON--BUT HERE
COME THE
POLICE!

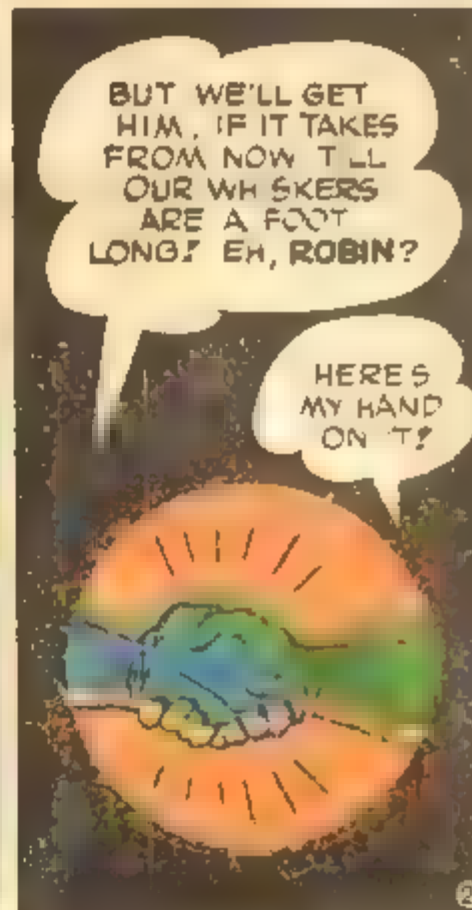
TOO LATE!
THE RATS
ARE LEAVING
THE LOOT--
BUT THEY'RE
GETTING
AWAY!



BUT WE
HAVEN'T! BUGS
IS A CUNNING
AND DANGEROUS
CRIMINAL--AND
I HAVE A
HUNCH THE--
LAW WON'T GET
HIM THIS TIME...

IF ONLY
WE HAD
THE
BATMOBILE
HANDY!

BUT WE'LL GET
HIM, IF IT TAKES
FROM NOW TILL
OUR WHISKERS
ARE A FOOT
LONG! EH, ROBIN?

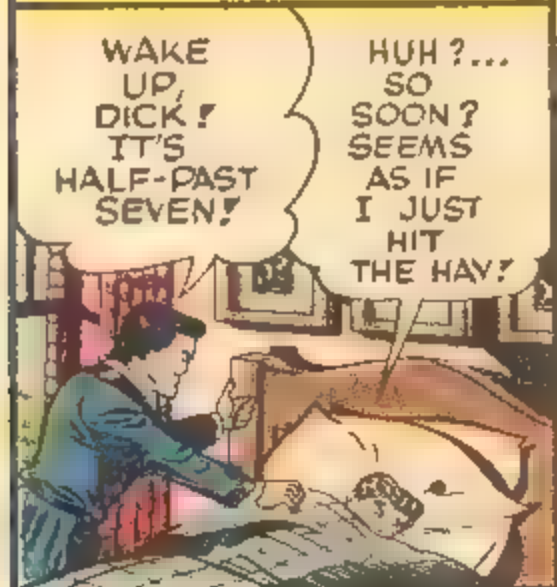


HERE'S
MY HAND
ON IT!

SO MUCH FOR THE LAUGHING LAD WHO THRIVES ON HIGH ADVENTURE--BUT WE MUSTN'T FORGET THAT **ROBIN** IS HUMAN, EVEN AS YOU AND I!

LIKE SOME MILLIONS OF OTHER AMERICAN YOUNGSTERS HE MUST PUT SCHOOL AHEAD OF ALL OTHER BUSINESS...

AND IF ROMANCE SOMETIMES INTRUDES, EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF LESSONS--WELL, THAT'S HUMAN ENOUGH, ISN'T IT?

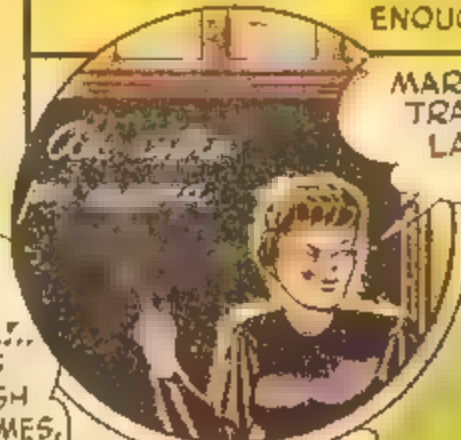
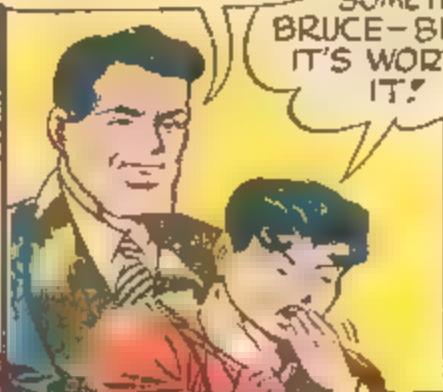


WAKE UP, DICK! IT'S HALF-PAST SEVEN!

HUH?... SO SOON? SEEMS AS IF I JUST HIT THE HAY!

LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE IS TOUGH EH? BUT YOU KNOW OUR BARGAIN--IF YOU DON'T GET GOOD MARKS IN SCHOOL, YOU DON'T GO CROOK-CHASING!

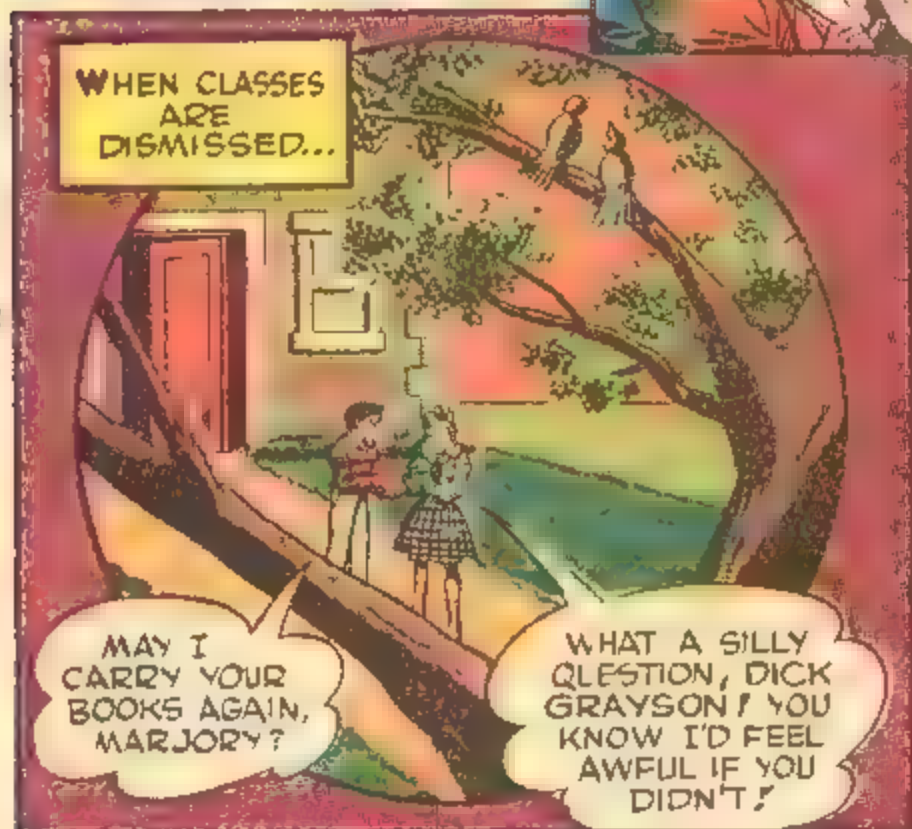
HO HUM!... IT'S TOUGH SOMETIMES, BRUCE--BUT IT'S WORTH IT!



MARJORY WILL YOU TRANSLATE THIS LATIN PHRASE?

IT MEANS, "TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES!"

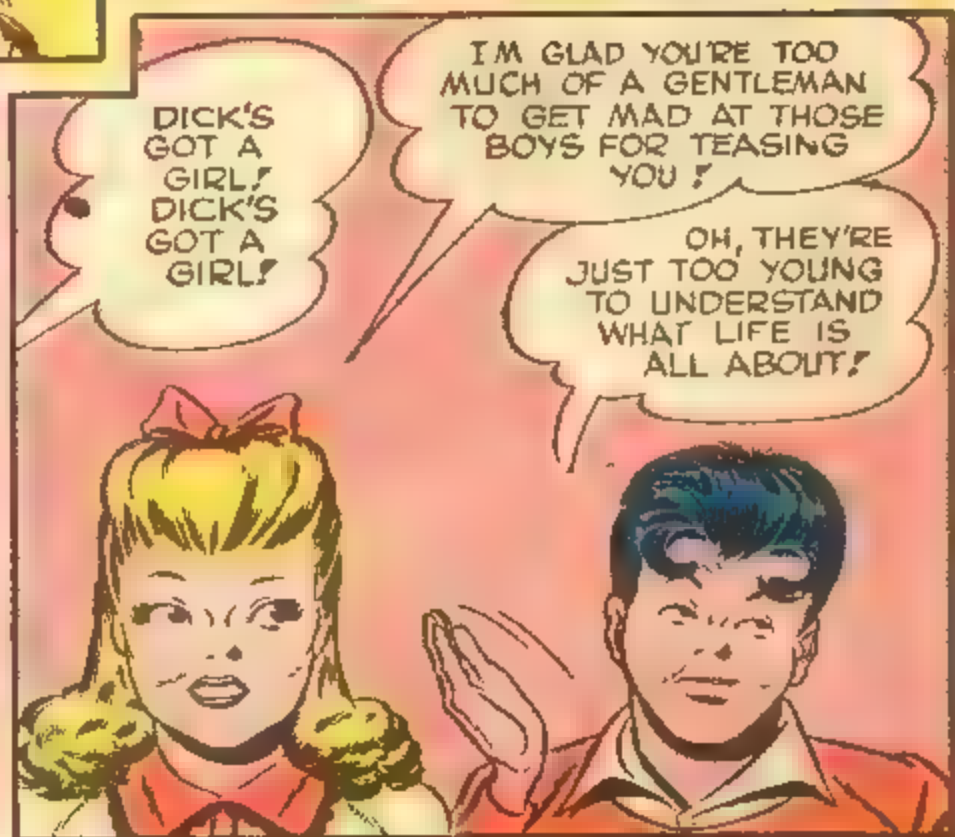
THE SMARTEST GIRL IN SCHOOL--AND THE PRETTIEST IN THE WHOLE WORLD!



WHEN CLASSES ARE DISMISSED...

MAY I CARRY YOUR BOOKS AGAIN, MARJORY?

WHAT A SILLY QUESTION, DICK GRAYSON! YOU KNOW I'D FEEL AWFUL IF YOU DIDN'T!



DICK'S GOT A GIRL! DICK'S GOT A GIRL!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN TO GET MAD AT THOSE BOYS FOR TEASING YOU!

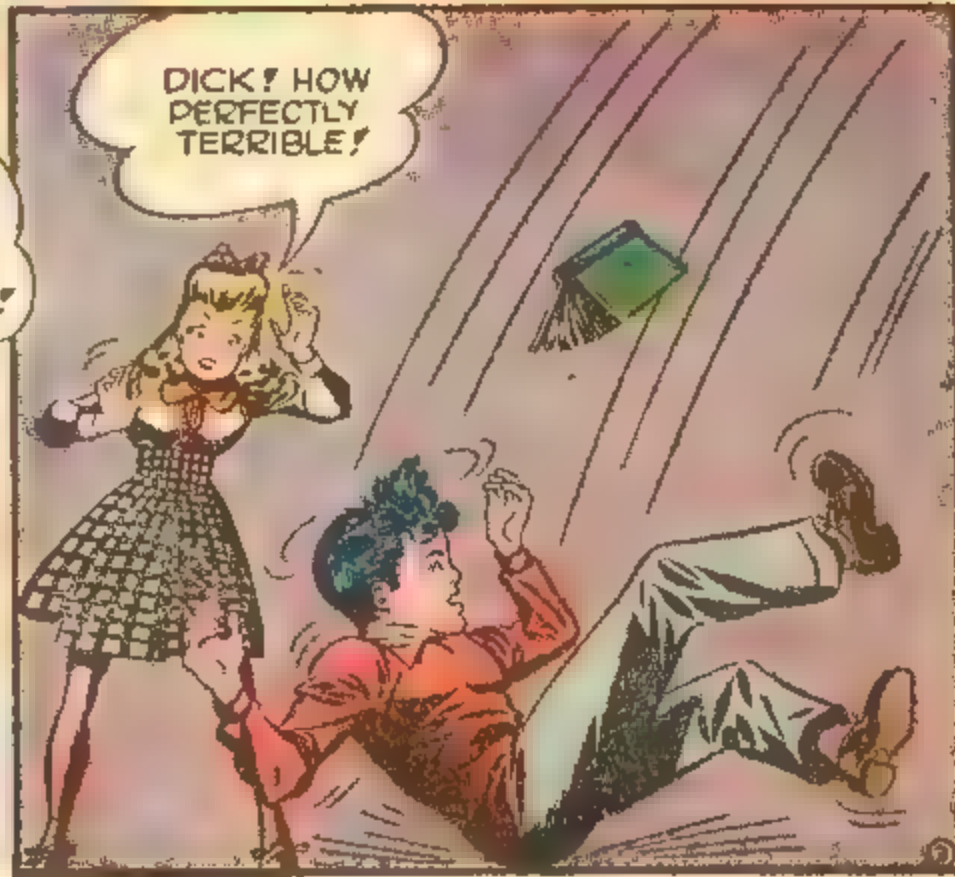
OH, THEY'RE JUST TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT!



EVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN, BOYS HAVE BEEN RISKING THEIR NECKS TO IMPRESS THEIR BEST GIRLS...AND DICK IS NO EXCEPTION!

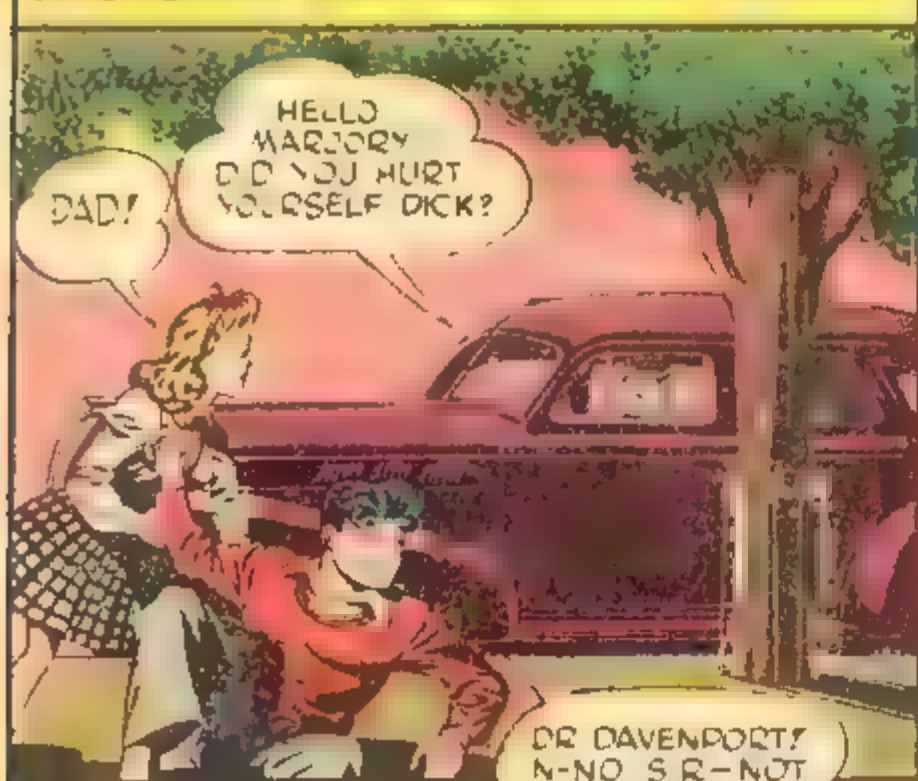
WONDERFUL! BUT AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF?

NOW LOOK WHO'S ASKING SILLY QUESTIONS!



DICK! HOW PERFECTLY TERRIBLE!

AN EXPENSIVE SEDAN SWERVES TO THE CURB ..



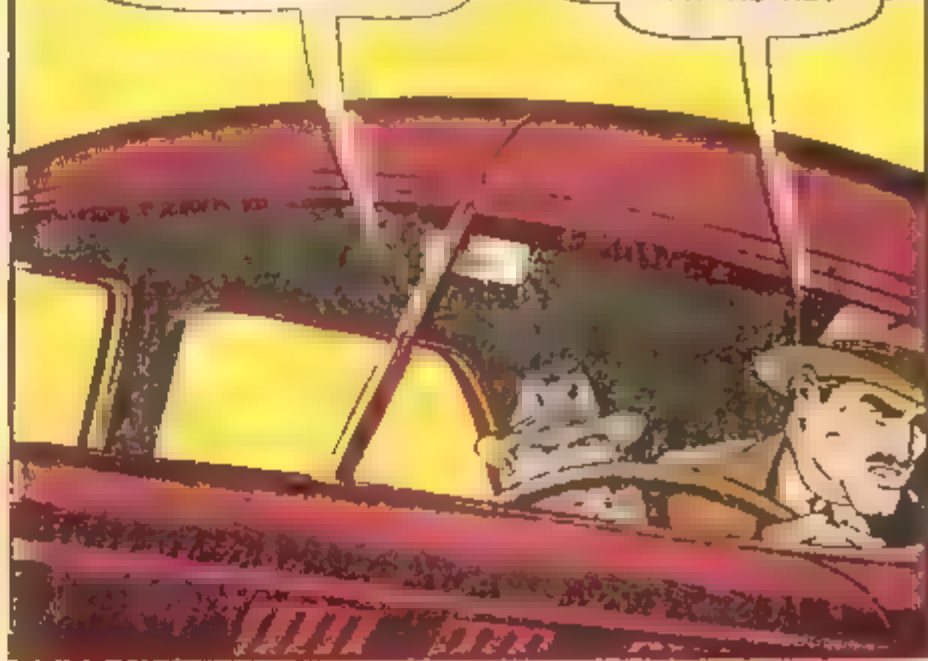
HELLO MARJORY
DID YOU HURT
YOURSELF DICK?

DAD!

DR DAVENPORT?
N-NO S R-NOT
A B T?

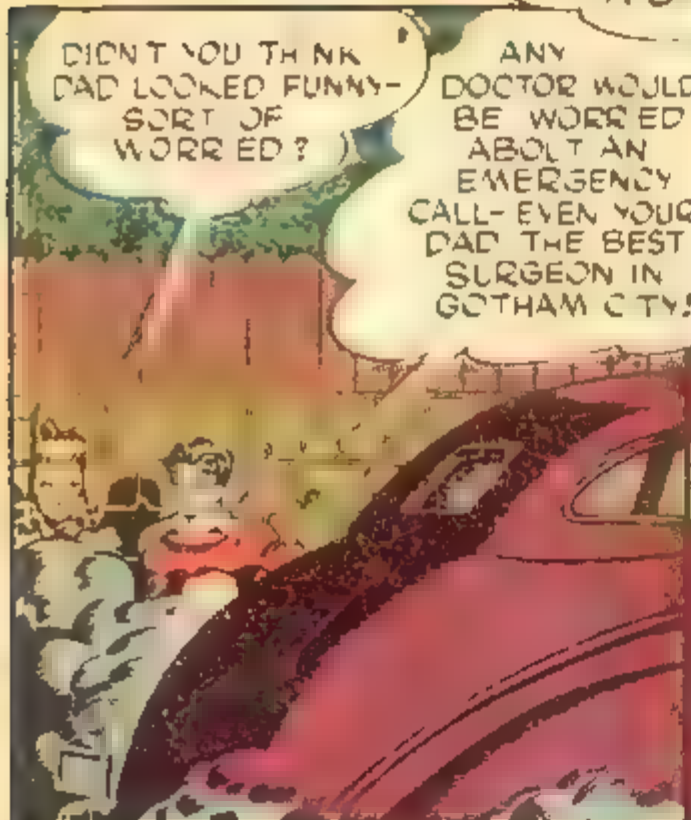
WOT'S DA IDEA STOPPIN
ON ACCOUNT O' D'S BEAT?
D DNT I TELL YA DIS WAS
A EMOGENCY?

ER -- I'VE GOT
A HURRY CALL
MARJORY! I'LL
SEE YOU LATER
AT HOME!



DIDNT YOU TH NK
DAD LOOKED FUNNY-
SORT OF
WORR ED?

ANY
DOCTOR WOULD
BE WORR ED
ABOUT AN
EMERGENCY
CALL-EVEN YOUR
DAD THE BEST
SURGEON IN
GOTHAM CTY?



AT MARJORY'S HOME

WELL HERE S YOUR PLACE
DONT FORGET TOMORROW'S
SATURDAY AND YOU
PROMISED TO GO TO
A MOVIE WITH ME?

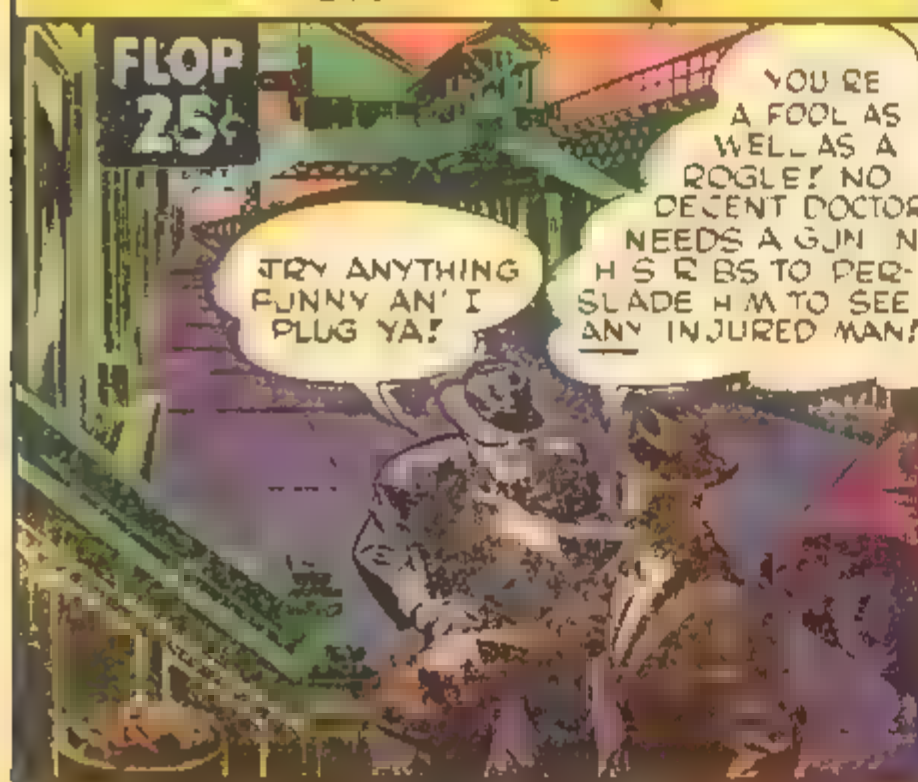
OF
COURSE
I WONT
FORGET!



SHE LIKES ME?
ISNT IT WONDERFUL?
BUT WHY DID I HAVE
TO FALL IN FRONT OF
HER DAD? HE'LL
THNK I'M JUST
ANOTHER CRAZY KID!



DR. DAVENPORT HOWEVER HAS OTHER THINGS TO
THNK ABOUT AT THS MOMENT. .



FLOP
25¢

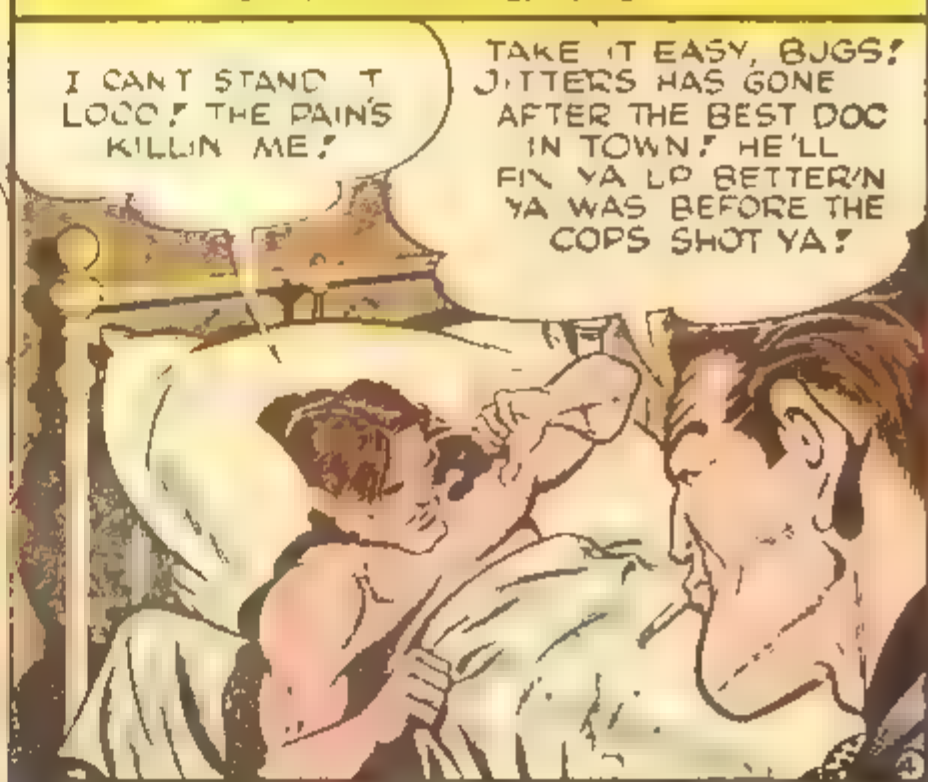
TRY ANYTHING
FUNNY AN' I
PLUG YA?

YOU RE
A FOOL AS
WELL AS A
ROGUE! NO
DECENT DOCTOR
NEEDS A GUN N
H S R BS TO PER-
SLADE H M TO SEE
ANY INJURED MAN?

AND IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THE IDENTITY
OF THE INJURED ONE...

I CANT STAND T
LOCC! THE PAIN'S
KILLIN ME!

TAKE IT EASY, BUGS!
JITTERS HAS GONE
AFTER THE BEST DOC
IN TOWN! HE'LL
FIX YA UP BETTER'N
YA WAS BEFORE THE
COPS SHOT YA?



DOCTOR AND PATIENT

WHY, IT'S A BULLET WOUND!

WHAT'D YOU THINK IT WOULD BE - A FLEA BITE? GET OUT YOUR TOOLS BEFORE YOU GET ONE YOURSELF!

I'LL REMOVE THE BULLET AND DO WHAT I CAN, BUT YOU OUGHT TO GO TO A HOSPITAL-- OR AT LEAST, HAVE EXPERT NURSING CARE!

NIX! THIS IS A STRICTLY PRIVATE AFFAIR, SEE?

PRESENTLY...

THERE? BARRING BLOOD POISONING, HE'LL HAVE A FAR CHANCE! I'LL COME BACK AND CHANGE THE BANDAGES...

HOLD ON, DOC! HOW DO WE KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA DO SOME TALKIN' ABOUT THIS?

NATURALLY, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES! THE LAW REQUIRES IT IN THE CASE OF GUNSHOT WOUNDS!

BUT IF WE KEEP YA PRISONER HERE YA CAN'T MAKE NO REPORT!

THAT'S NO GOOD JITTERS! HE'S A BIG SHOT AND THE COPS WILL TURN THE TOWN UPSIDE-DOWN IF HE TURNS UP MISSING!

WE KIN HOLD HIS DAUGHTER - A LITTLE GOIL? I SEEN HER AROUND!

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

WHY, YOU SKULKING RATS! IF YOU HARM A HAIR ON THAT CHILD'S HEAD, I'LL--

NOW, DOC-- DON'T RUN UP A TEMPERATURE!

JITTERS, GET THAT GIRL! HE WON'T DARE OPEN HIS YAP IF WE'RE HOLDING HER! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE, WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, ANYHOW!

LATER...

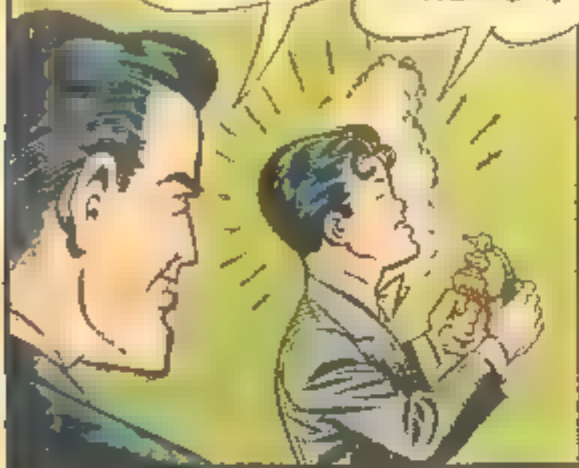
IT'S LIKE DIS-VER OLD MAN IS SORTA TIED UP, AN' HE SAID I SHOULD TAKE YA TO WHERE HE IS!

THAT'S STRANGE! HE NEVER SENT FOR ME ON A CASE BEFORE! BUT--I'LL GET READY RIGHT AWAY!

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE WAYNE HOME...

WHAT'S THIS? ARE YOU AFTER THE TITLE OF BEST DRESSED YOUNG MAN OR HAVE YOU FALLEN IN LOVE?

LOVE? WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT FOOLISH NOTION?



FOOLISH OR NOT I'D BET ON IT!



ALL DRESSED UP — AND IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS IF DICK ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE?

WHY, NO, MISTER DICK—I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE MISS MARJORY IS! BUT THE DOCTOR MUST KNOW...

MAYBE I'D BETTER SEE HIM! WE HAD AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT...

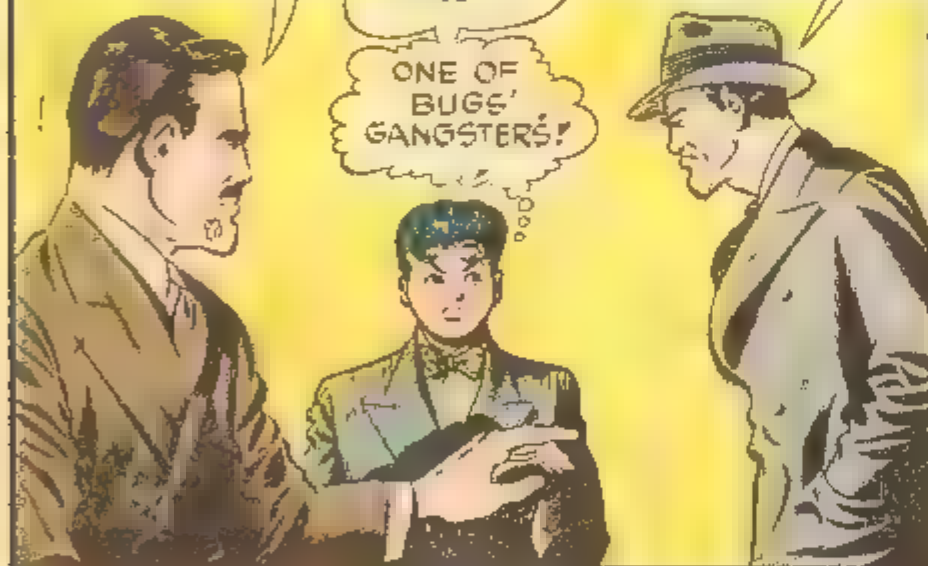


OH HELLO DICK! MEET DR. JITTERS MY NEW ASSISTANT!

HI, KID! ME AN DA DOC IS GETTIN' READY TA LEAVE, SO DON'T HANG AROUND!

UH HELLO...

ONE OF BUGS' GANGSTERS!



DIDN'T MARJORY TELL YOU SHE WAS GOING TO VISIT HER AUNT NONA FOR A FEW DAYS?

WHY NO? SHE NEVER MENTIONED ANY AUNT NONA!

IT JUST SHOWS YA CAN'T DEPEND ON GALS!



WAIT! NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE YOU THAT PRESCRIPTION FOR YOUR COLD!

COLD?... WHY-- UH-- OH YES! (COUGH) (COUGH)

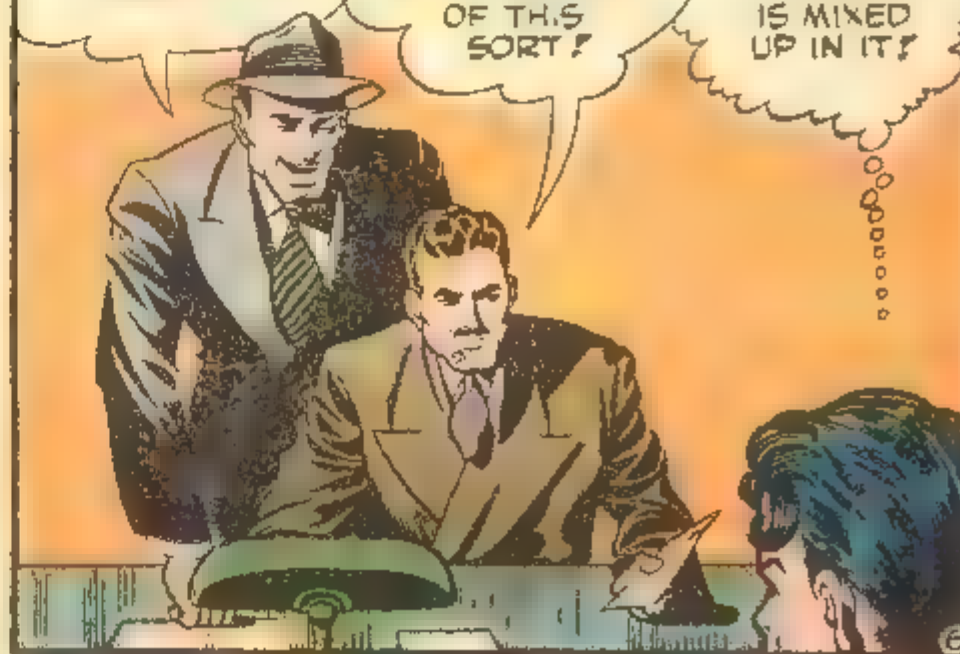
IT DON'T SOUND LIKE MUCH!



I'LL JUST MAKE SURE YA DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES DAT MIGHT BE FATAL DOC!

YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF, IT'S A SIMPLE PREPARATION FOR CLEARING UP TROUBLE OF THIS SORT!

TROUBLE IS RIGHT—AND SOMEHOW MARJORY IS MIXED UP IN IT!



OUTSIDE AGAIN...

THAT THUG IS STANDING
GUARD OVER THE DOCTOR!
HE KNOWS I HAVE NO
COLD SO THIS PRESCRIPTION
MUST BE A MESSAGE...



R. DAVENPORT M.D.
1125 SOUTH DOWNE
WEST AVE. ST. LOUIS

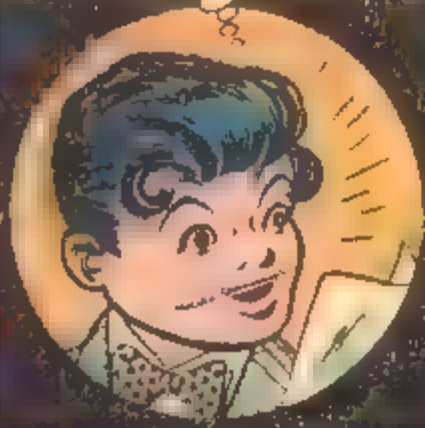
R
*Periculum
Praecautum
- 1 oz.
Lex. Q.S.*

DICK'S SCHOOLING PAYS A
DIVIDEND...

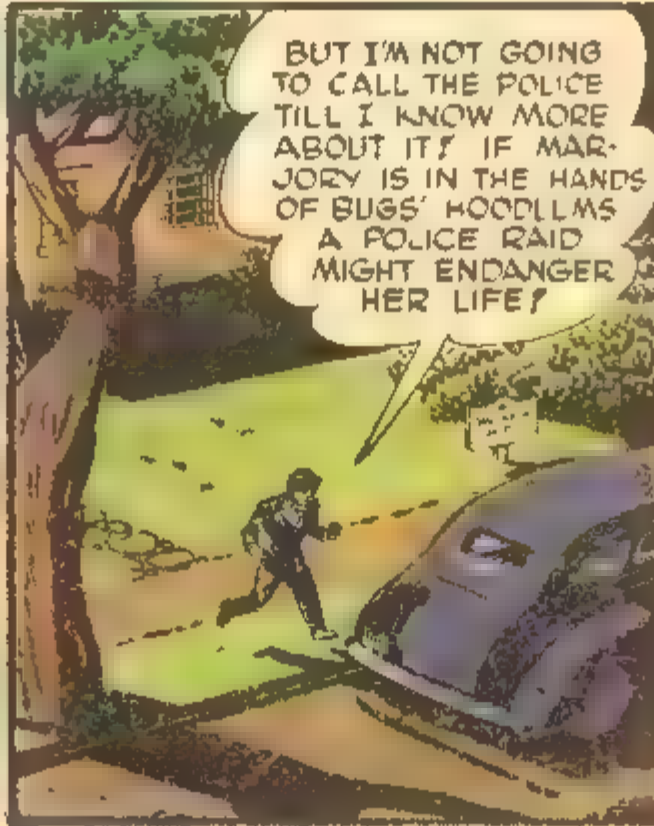
THOSE ARE LATIN WORDS,
BUT THEY'RE NOT THE
NAMES OF MEDICINES!
PERICULUM MEANS
"DANGER" PRÆCAUTUM
MEANS "CAUTION" LEX
IS "LAW" - AND Q.S.
MEANS QUANTUM
SUFFICI OR "AS MUCH
AS NECESSARY!"



WHAT HE MEANS IS,
"DANGER? USE AN OUNCE
OF CAUTION? CALL THE COPS
- AND MAKE SURE
THERE ARE ENOUGH?"
IT'S A PRESCRIPTION
FOR TROUBLE, ALL RIGHT--
AND I'M GOING TO
FILL IT!



BUT I'M NOT GOING
TO CALL THE POLICE
TILL I KNOW MORE
ABOUT IT! IF MAR-
JORY IS IN THE HANDS
OF BUGS' HOODLUMS
A POLICE RAID
MIGHT ENDANGER
HER LIFE!



IF THEY'VE HURT HER,
I'LL MAKE THEM WISH
THEY'D NEVER
BEEN BORN!

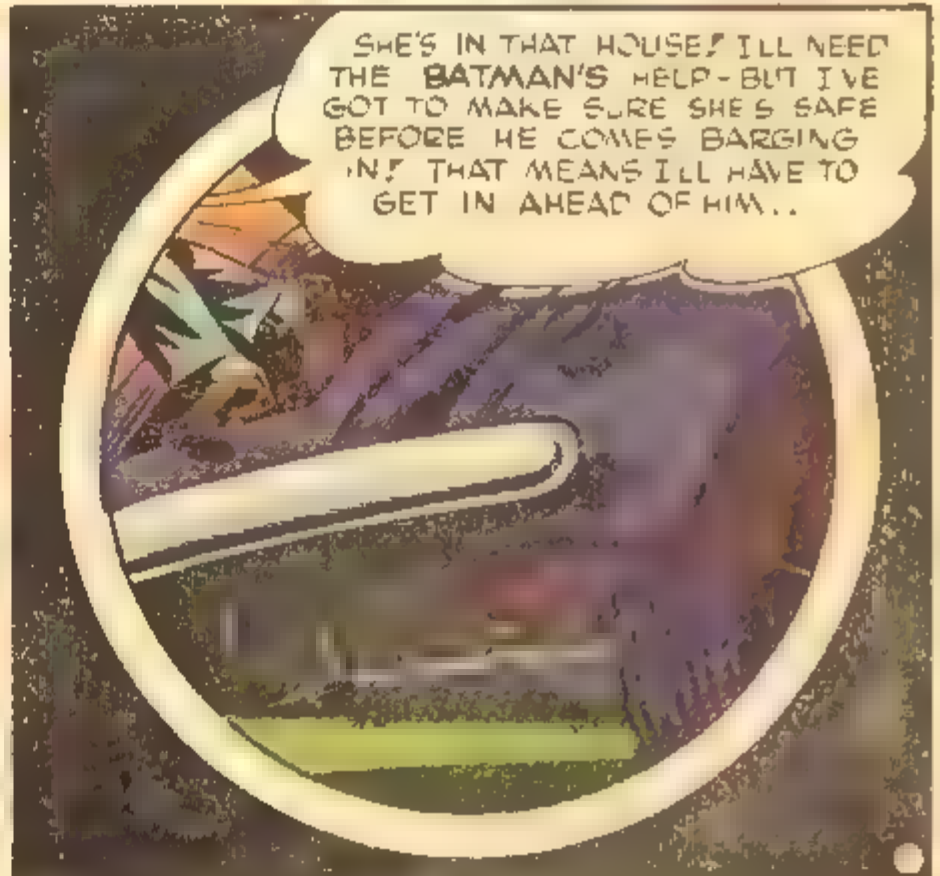


A SWIFT DRIVE ACROSS THE CITY - AND AS THE
CAR FINALLY COMES TO A HALT THE COURAGE-
OUS BOY PEERS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE...

DON'T FORGET, DOC-TRY
TO PULL A FAST ONE, AN'
BOTH YOU AN' YER
DAUGHTER GETS IT
IN DA NECK!



SHE'S IN THAT HOUSE! I'LL NEED
THE BATMAN'S HELP - BUT I'VE
GOT TO MAKE SURE SHE'S SAFE
BEFORE HE COMES BARGING
IN! THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO
GET IN AHEAD OF HIM..



DICK'S KEEN BRAIN FORGES A DARING PLAN...

THIS WILL DO... HOW MUCH IS IT?

THAT'S THE VERY BEST WE HAVE IN STOCK... IT WILL BE A DOLLAR AND A QUARTER!



A MINUTE LATER...

GOT THAT ADDRESS, BRUCE? WELL THAT'S WHERE BUGS IS! I'M GOING TO LET HIM CAPTURE ME AND I'LL NEED THE BATMAN TO COME THROUGH IN ONE PIECE!

YOU'RE GOING TO— WHAT? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? DICK?... HELLO?... HE'S HUNG UP!



EXIT BRUCE WAYNE— AND ENTER THE BATMAN!

IF ONLY HE WEREN'T SO CARELESS OF HIS OWN SAFETY... WELL IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO REACH HIM!

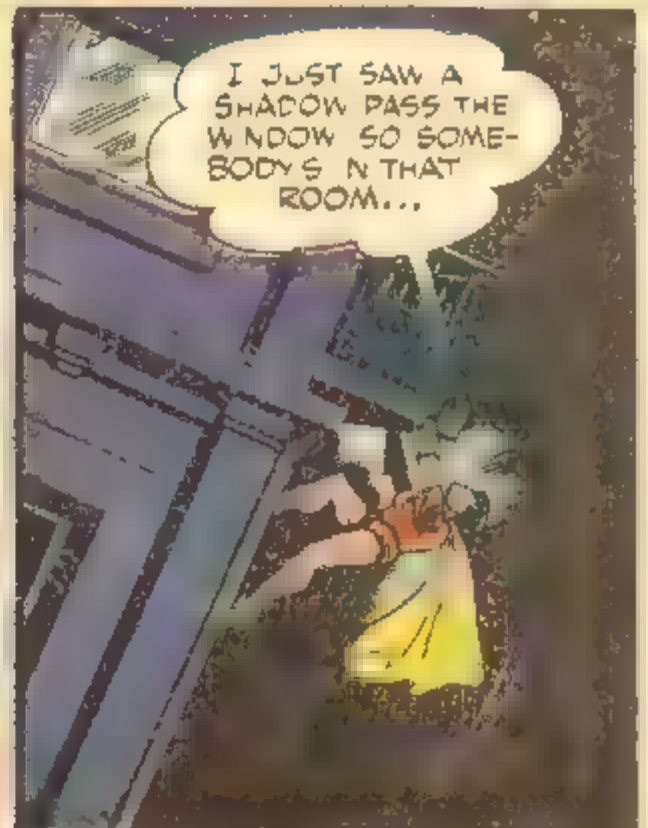


IN A DESERTED BUILDING ENTRANCE ANOTHER LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME TAKES PLACE...

I'VE GOT TO DO IT! I CAN'T AFFORD TO FAIL! I'VE GOT TO BE NEAR HER WHEN THINGS START POPPING!



I JUST SAW A SHADOW PASS THE WINDOW SO SOMEBODY'S IN THAT ROOM...



WITHIN THE ROOM...

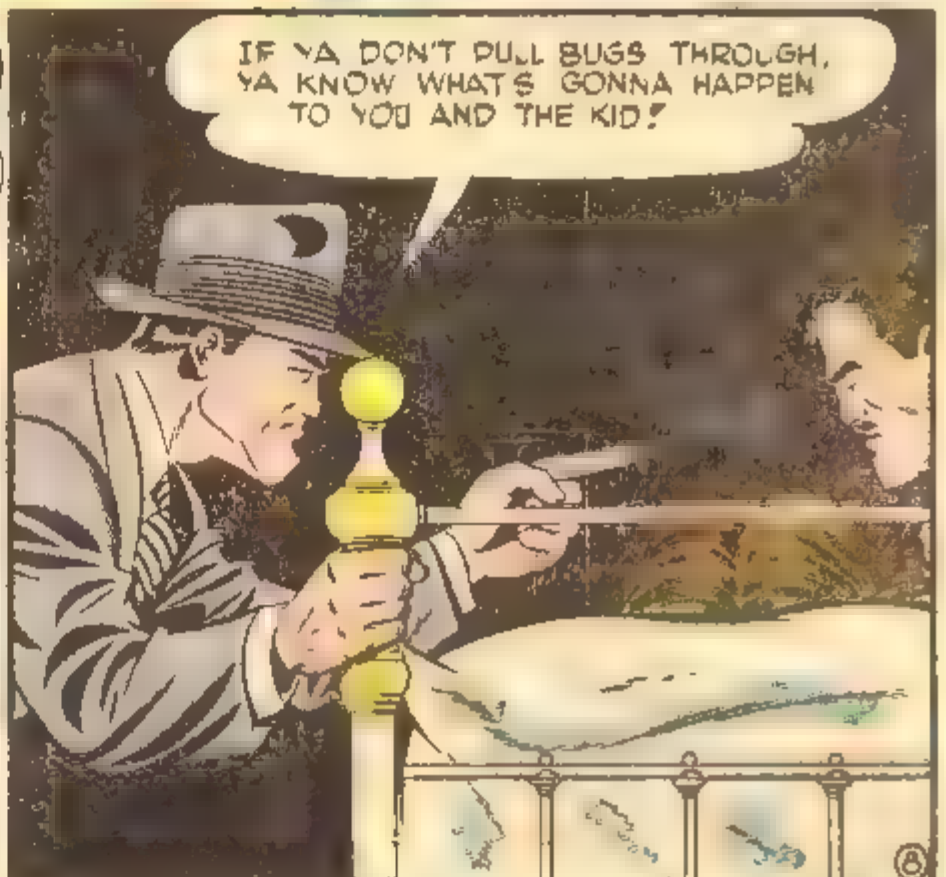
MY POOR LITTLE GIRL YOU— YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?

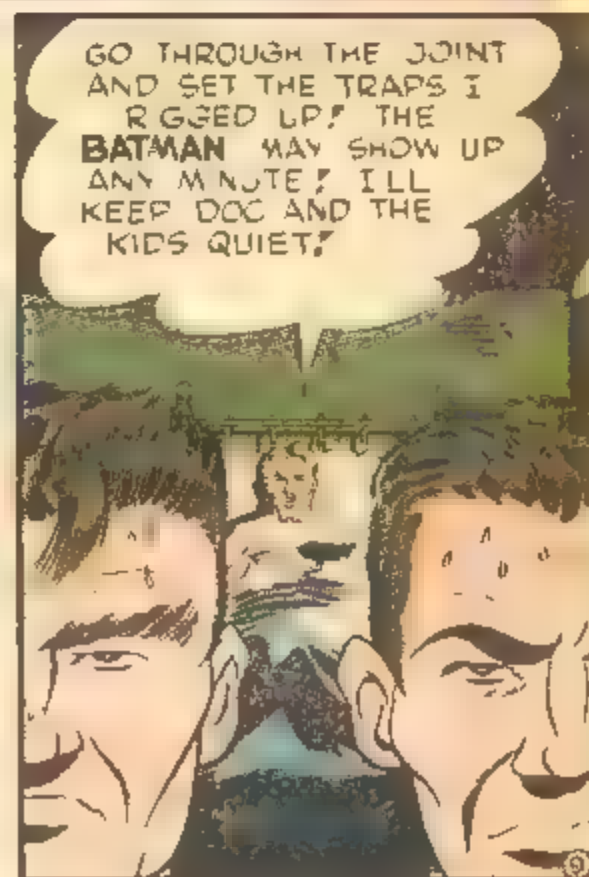
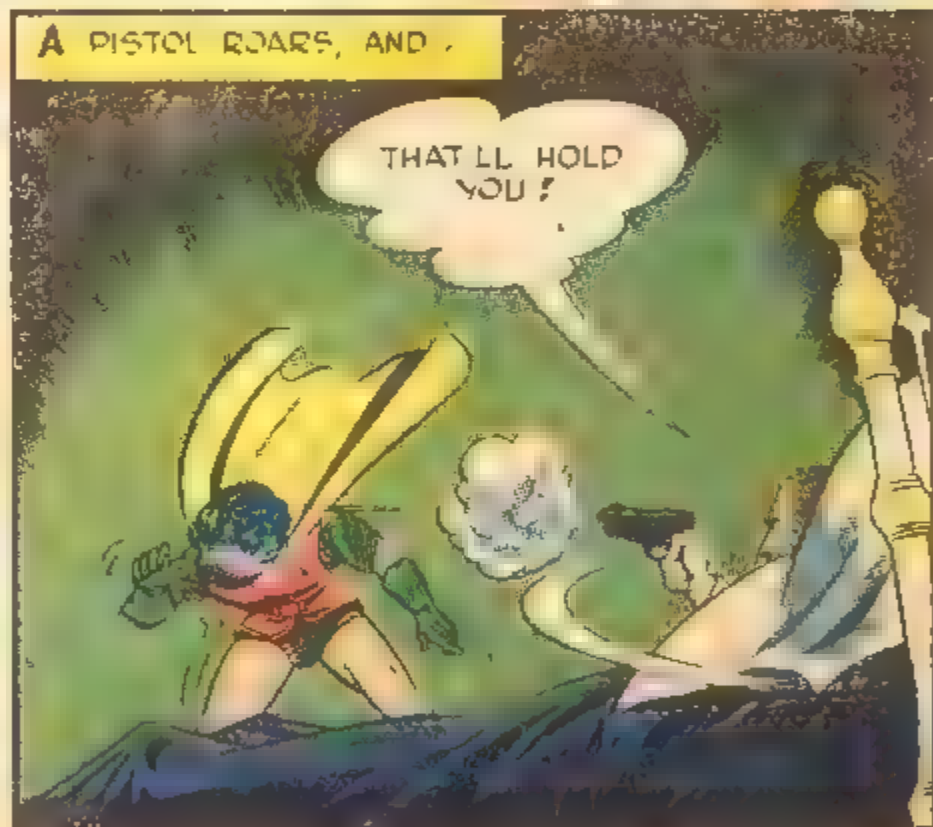
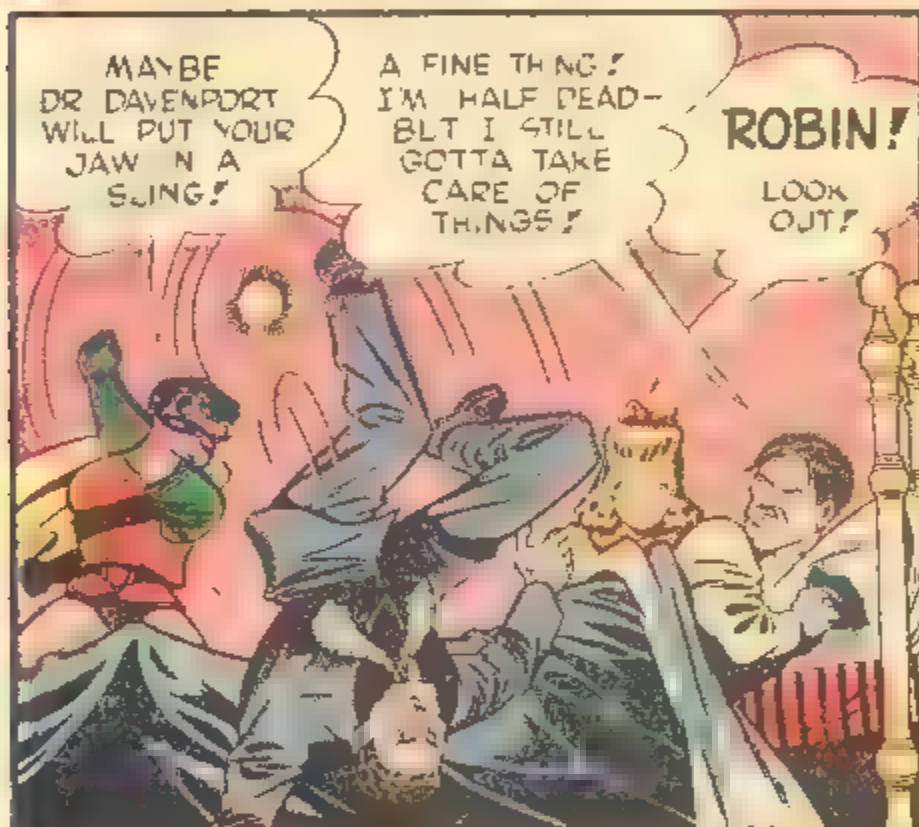
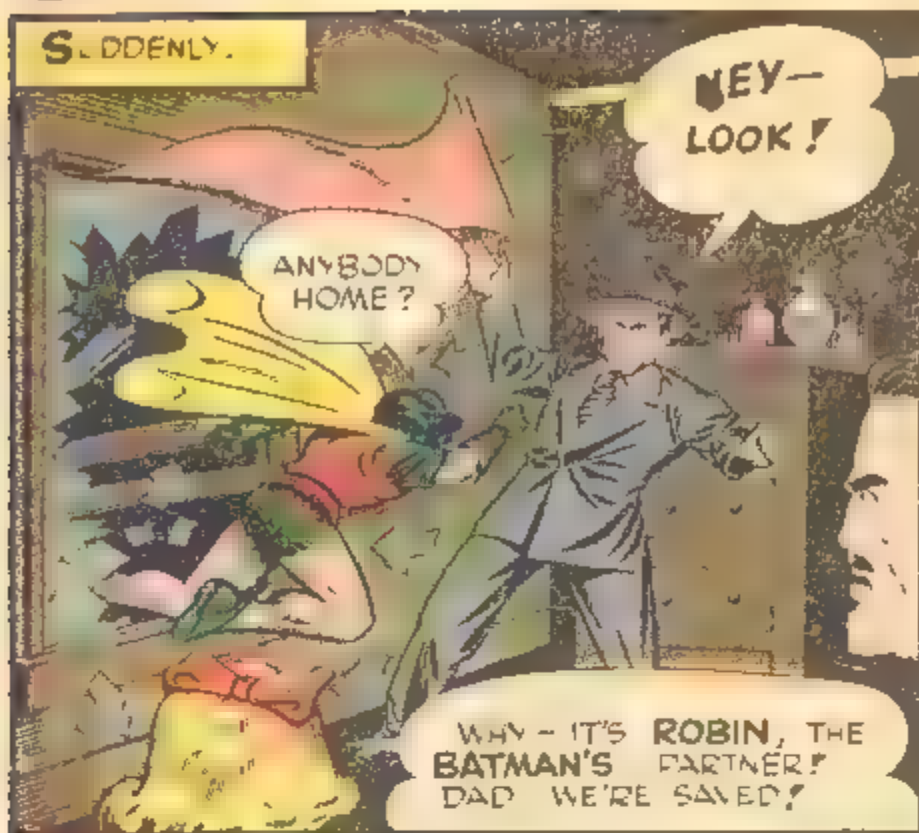
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DAD! DO WHAT THEY TELL YOU AND MAYBE THEY'LL LET US GO!

CUT OUT THE SOB STUFF! I'M THE PATIENT! THE GIRL AIN'T GOT NO BULLETS IN HER— YET!

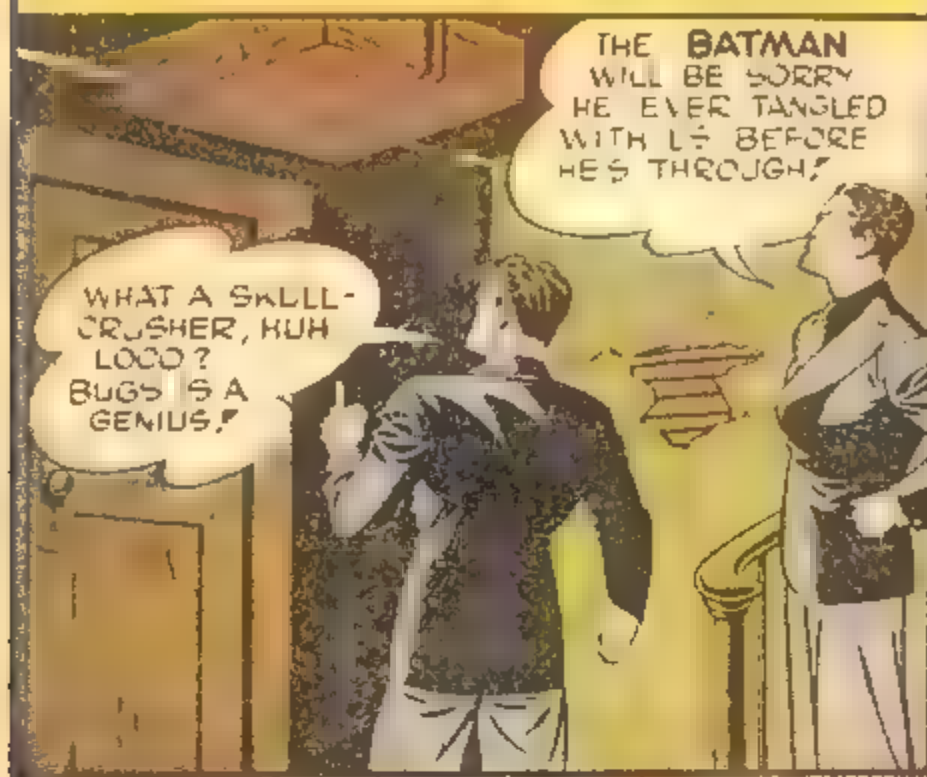


IF YA DON'T PULL BUGS THROUGH, YA KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO YOU AND THE KID!





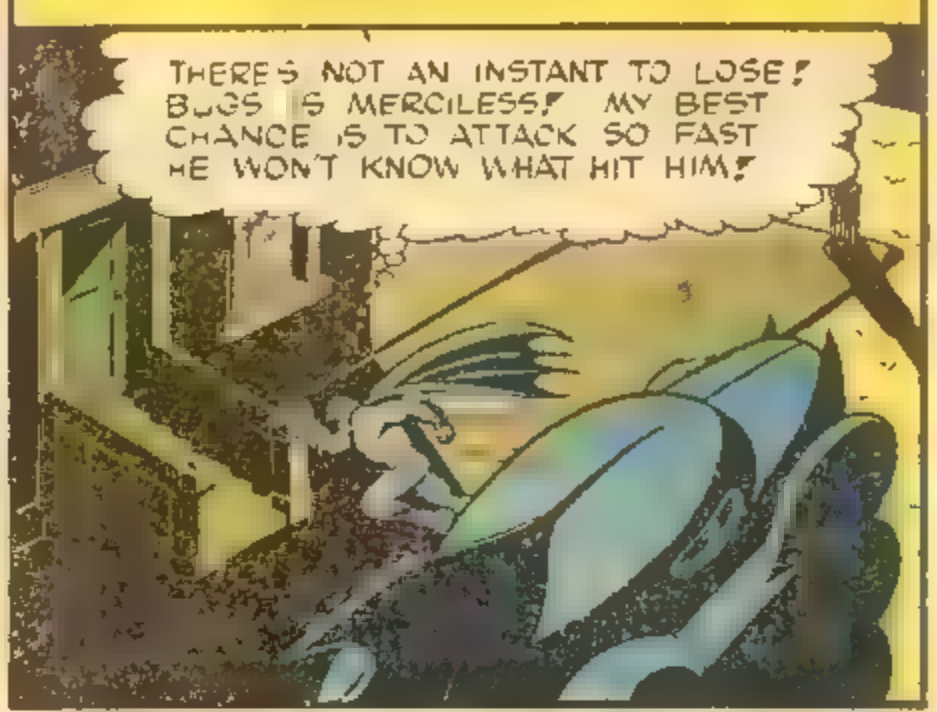
CANNING AND TREACHEROUS DEVICES ARE SET...



WHAT A SKILL-CRUSHER, HUH LOCO? BUGS IS A GENIUS!

THE BATMAN WILL BE SORRY HE EVER TANGLED WITH US BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!

AT THAT MOMENT AN ODD RAKISH CAR DISCHARGES A LITHE VIND FIGURE AT THE CORNER - THE BATMAN!



THERE'S NOT AN INSTANT TO LOSE! BUGS IS MERCILESS! MY BEST CHANCE IS TO ATTACK SO FAST HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

SECONDS LATER...

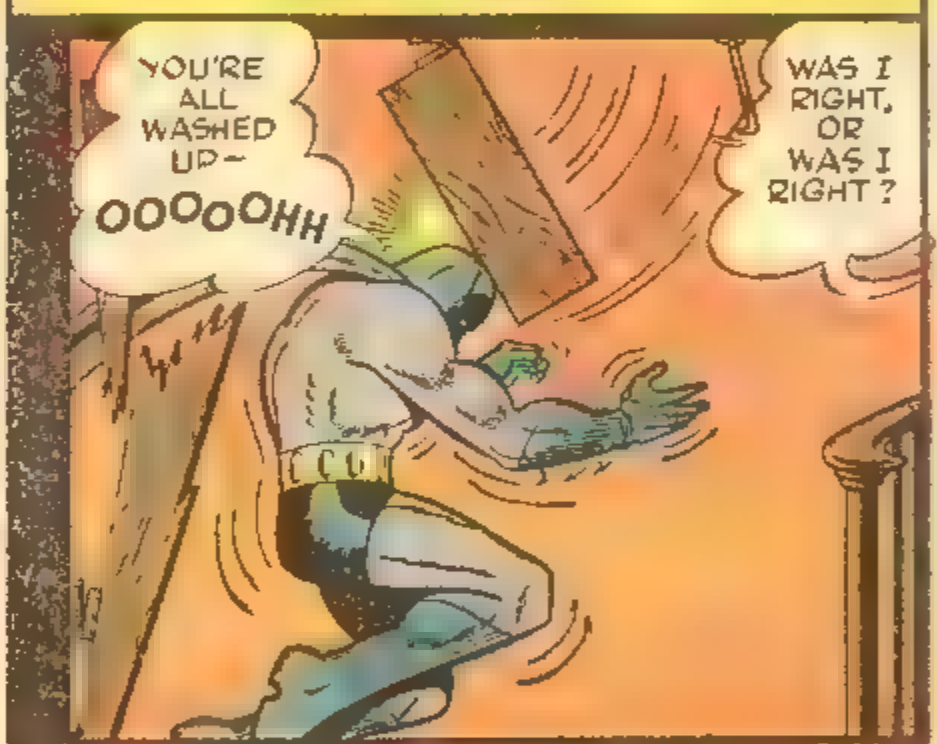


YIIIIII- HE'S IN!

IN ABOUT A SECOND HE'LL BE OUT - COLD!

LIKE OPPORTUNITY, I KNOCK JUST ONCE - BUT HARD!

AND AS THE BATMAN'S FOOT TOUCHES A HIDDEN BUTTON...



YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP - OOOOOHH

WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I RIGHT?

TAKE A GANDER BUGS - WE GOT A PRESENT FOR YA!

THE BATMAN! OUR WORRIES ARE OVER!

I DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS! NOW IT'S UP TO ME - AND I DON'T CARE WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I FAIL!

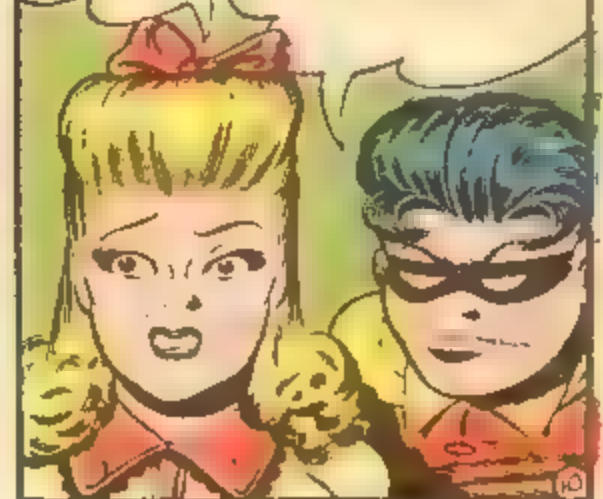


WHAT A BREAK! WHEN THE BATMAN COMES TO, I'M GONNA PUT HIM OUT AGAIN - FOR KEEPS!



OH ROBIN - IT'S WORSE THAN THE WORST NIGHTMARE I EVER HAD! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

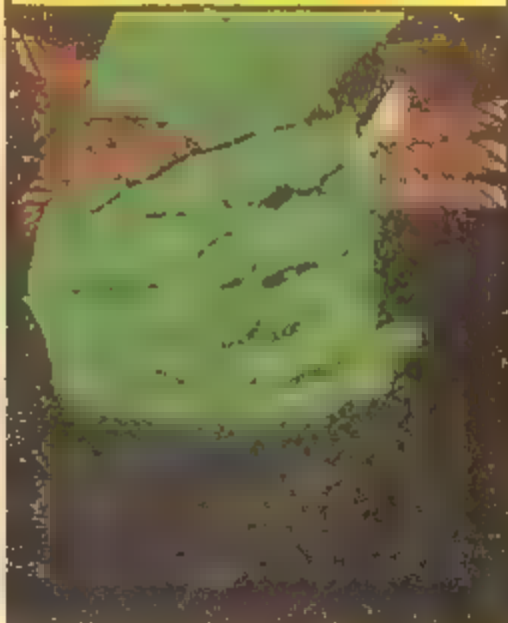
FOR YOU, MARJORIE, I CAN DO ANYTHING!... THAT IS - I MEAN FOR YOU AND MY FRIEND, DICK! TO SAY NOTHING OF THE BATMAN!



NOR IS ROBIN BOASTING IDLY - FOR AS HIS FINGER CURLS THE OBJECT HE BOUGHT IN THE HARDWARE STORE SLICES THROUGH THE HEAVY LEATHER OF HIS GLOVE!...

... A TINY SECTION OF HACKSAW BLADE RAZOR-SHARP, IS TURNED AGAINST THE ROPES THAT HOLD HIM POWERLESS...

AS THE MISTS OF INSENSIBILITY LEFT FROM HIS BRAIN, THE BATMAN LOOKS DEATH IN THE FACE - NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME!



I'M WOUNDED AND I'M SICK - BUT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN YOU ARE, BATMAN! YOU'RE DRAWING YOUR LAST BREATH RIGHT NOW!

BY KILLING ME, BUGS YOU'RE DOOMING YOURSELF! ONE OF THESE DAYS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU!

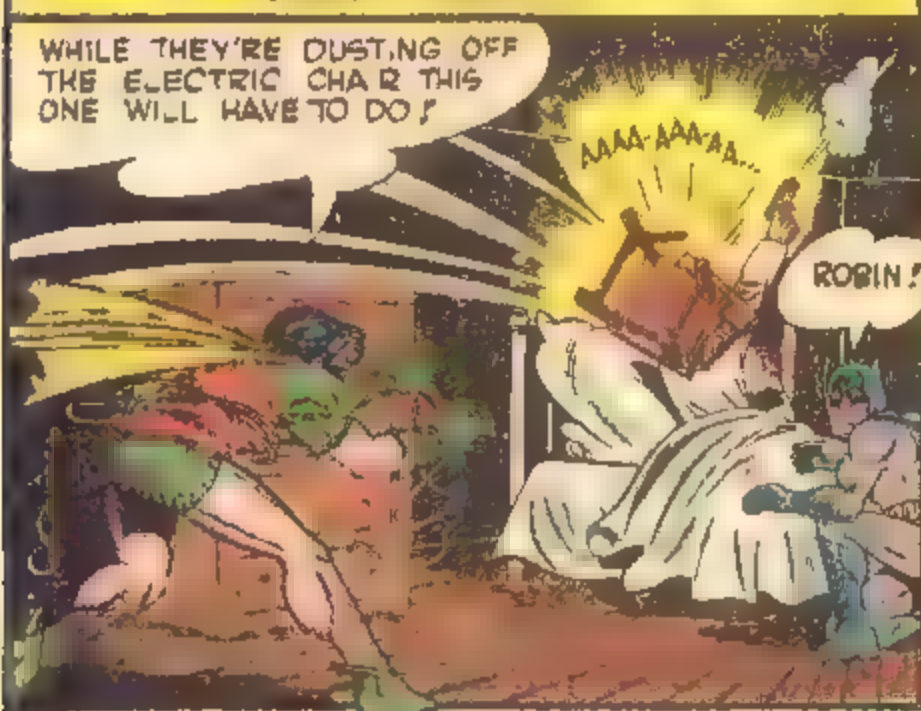


EVEN AS THE KILLER'S TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENS, A SMALL BUT AGILE BODY MOVES WITH FRANTIC SPEED - AND...

WHILE THEY'RE DUSTING OFF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR THIS ONE WILL HAVE TO DO!

AAAA-AAA-AA...

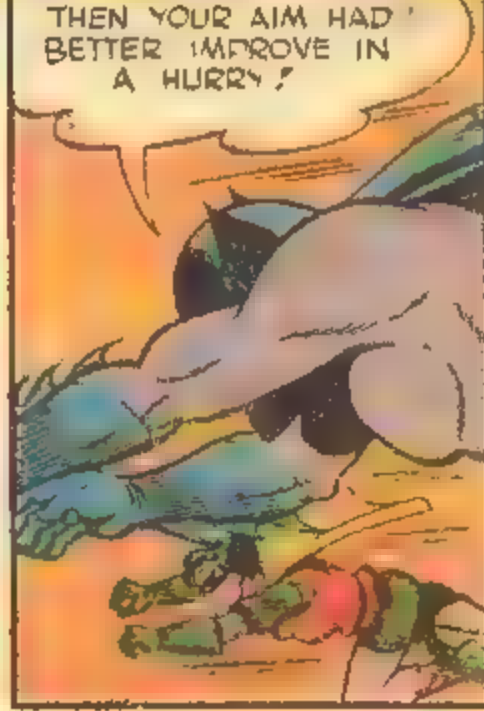
ROBIN!



SHOTS CRASH OUT WILDLY AS THE ARCH-CRIMINAL'S HENCHMEN FIGHT DESPERATELY...

YA AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT!

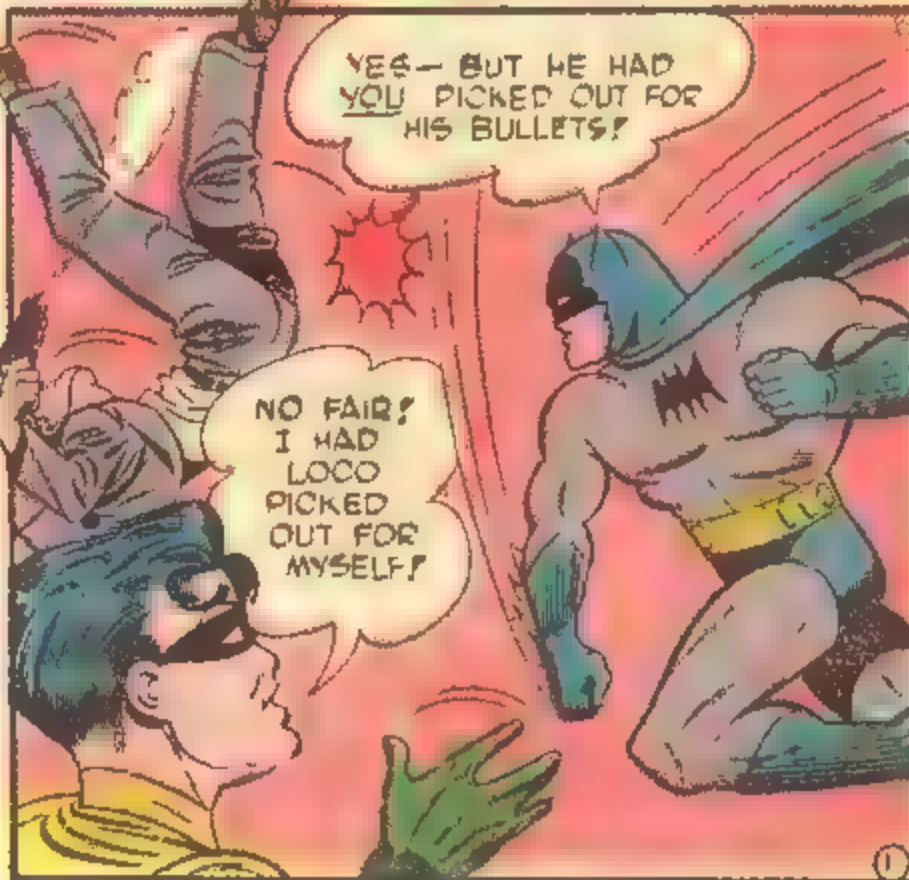
THEN YOUR AIM HAD BETTER IMPROVE IN A HURRY!

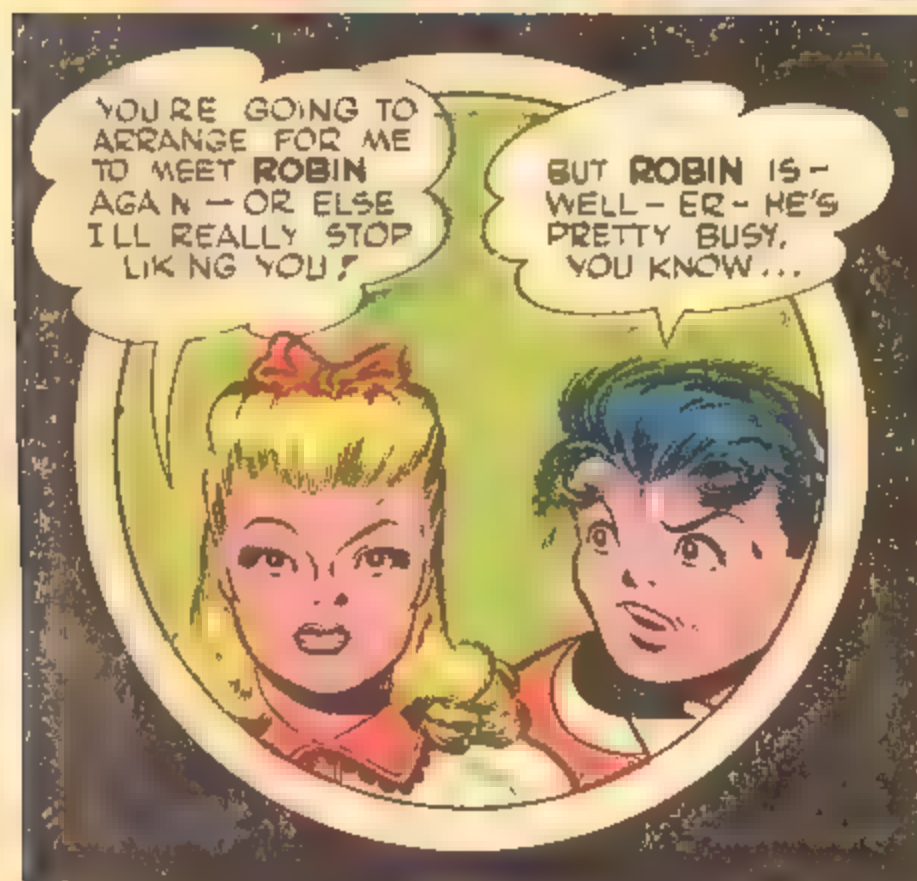
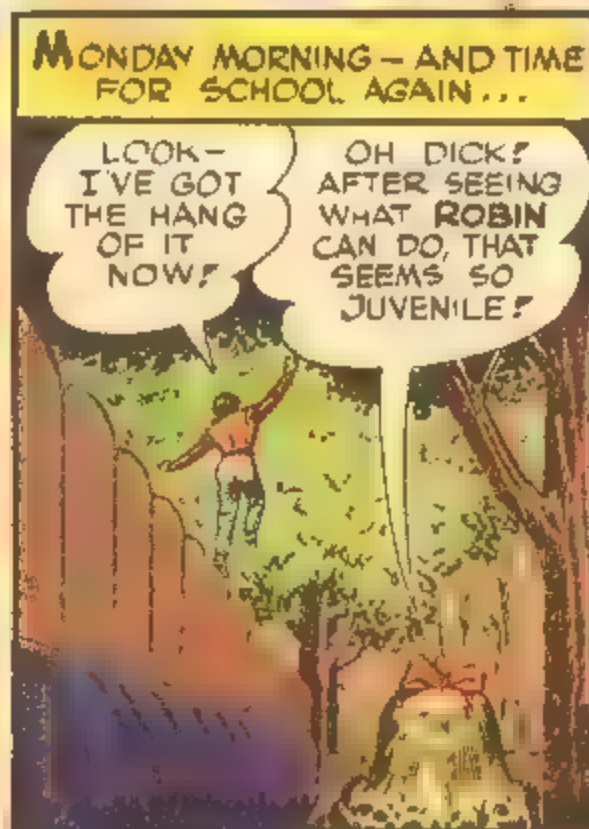
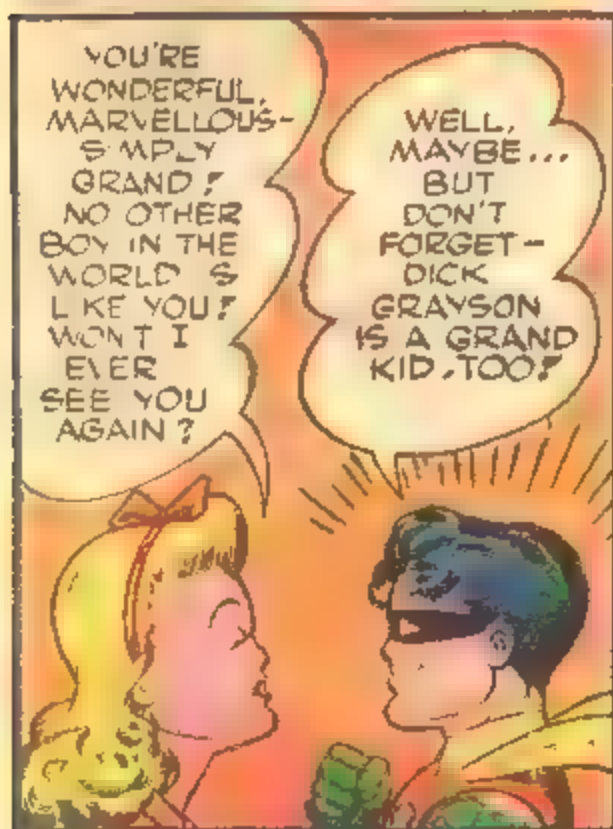
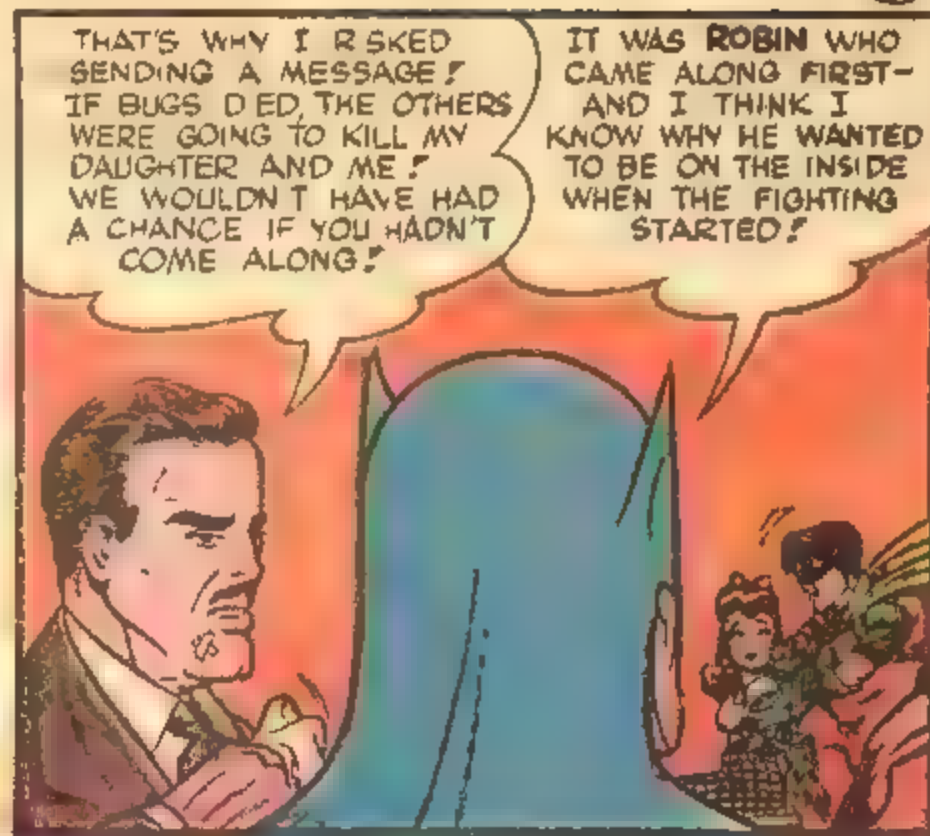
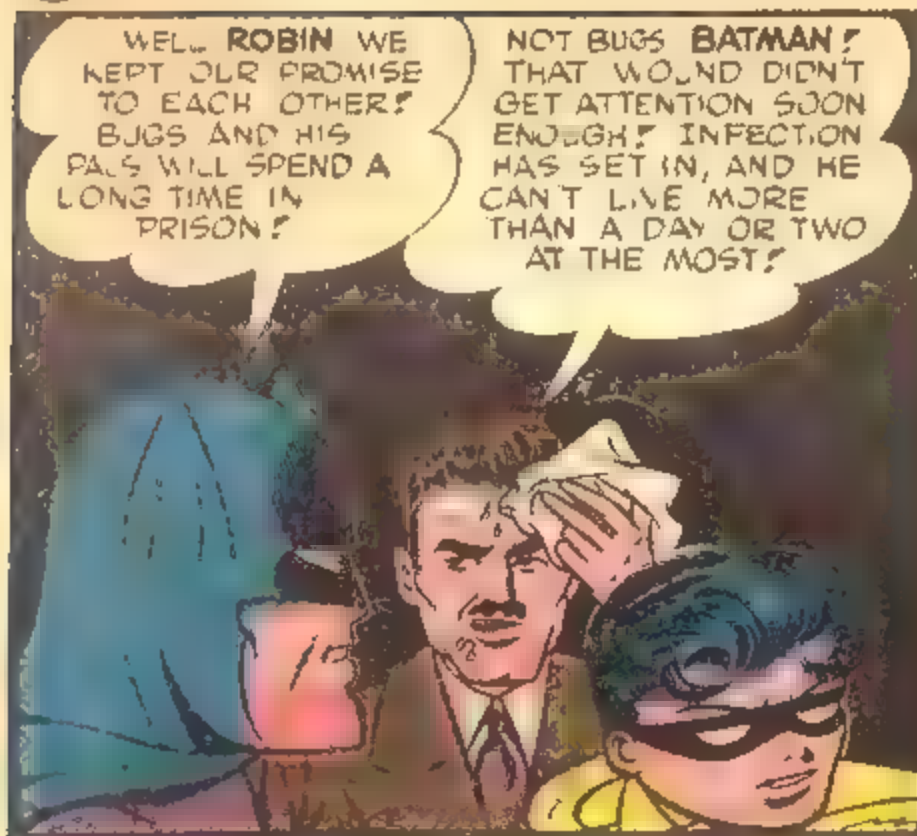


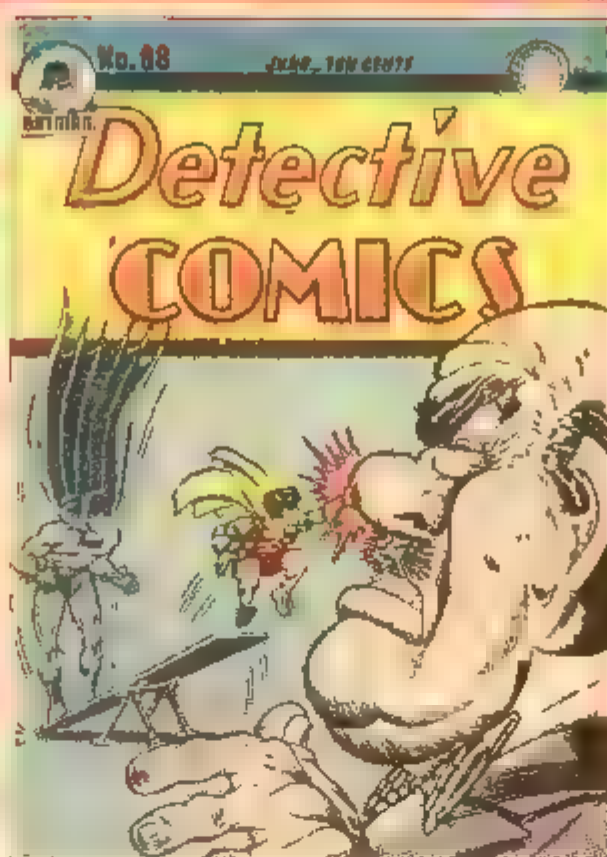
THIS WON'T KILL YOU - BUT YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS DEAD FOR QUITE A WHILE!

YES - BUT HE HAD YOU PICKED OUT FOR HIS BULLETS!

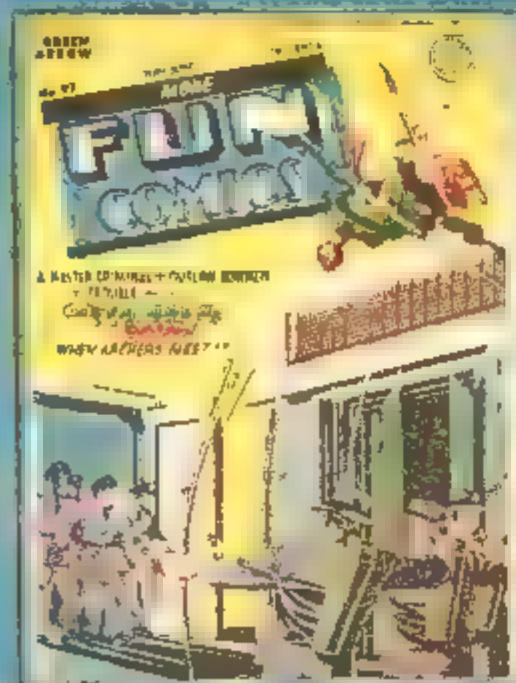
NO FAIR! I HAD LOCO PICKED OUT FOR MYSELF!







**FOLLOW
BATMAN
and ROBIN
EVERY MONTH
IN
DETECTIVE COMICS**



NOW ON SALE

EVERYWHERE





"Stick around fellas—this ought to be good—Spike doesn't know that Pee Wee has been eating Wheaties!"

SMART BOY, PEE WEE. HE KNOWS THAT A FAVORITE TRAINING DISH OF MANY STAR-PERFORMERS IS MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

YOU GET MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF WHEATIES. ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT PACKED IN BIG, GOLDEN FLAKES THAT ARE ROASTED AND TOASTED AND DELICIOUSLY



FLAVORED WITH RICH MALT SYRUP. SMART EATING AND SWELL TASTING... THAT'S MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 644, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY.

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.



FOLKS, HERE'S A NEW NOTION ON VICTORY GARDENS THAT WILL POSITIVELY MAKE YOU WANNA THROW YOUR RATION BOOKS AWAY! -- LISTEN! --

HAPPY

- ANDY REALLY, 'GUS' TO TOWN (OR SOMEWHERE) ON THIS WHEEL. - AND IF YOU FOLLOW HIS DIRECTIONS TO THE LETTER TO YOUR FAMILY, ALL BUT WILL BE SEEN WITH THE LARGEST DINNER EVER. - FOLLOW DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY YE ED.

FIRST. - AND THIS IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE, TURN THE SOIL OF YOUR GARDEN COMPLETELY UPSIDE DOWN. IN OTHER WORDS INSIDE OUT. OR AS WE SAY AT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE "BOTTOMS UP!"

THEN (WHILE THE SOIL IS STILL SEMI-LIMP) PRESS IT DOWN IN PARAFIN PATTY CAKES. - (CIRCULAR, SIZED EXACTLY 3x3x3)

NEXT AS SOON AS PARAFIN PATTERS HAVE COOLED PLACE THEM ONE FOOT BELOW THE SURFACE EXACTLY, AND (THIS IS MOST IMPORTANT TOO) SIX INCHES APART. --

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE NEXT PLANT SEEDS ASSORTED ONION, TURNIPS, TOMATOES, BEANS, etc. ETC ETC ETC. - PLANT SEEDS IN PARAFIN DISCS

NEXT - (AND HERE'S THE PAY-OFF, INSERT EXACTLY TEN DOZEN PRESERVING JARS, (UPSIDE DOWN,) DIRECTLY ABOVE SEEDS --

NOW JUST ROCK ON YOUR PURCH FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON AND JUST LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE. --

RESULT, -- THE VEGETABLES WILL GROW STRAIGHT UP INTO THE PRESERVING JARS, -- THE PARAFIN DISCS DRAWN UP BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN, WILL CAP THE JARS TIGHT, -- THE STALKS OF THE PLANTS WILL FORCE THE ENTIRE CLUMP UP KNEE HIGH FOR A MINUTE? AND LASTLY - YOU NOW MERELY TOP THE JARS FOR STORAGE. - THE END - (P.S. WE'LL BE OVER FOR DINNER.)

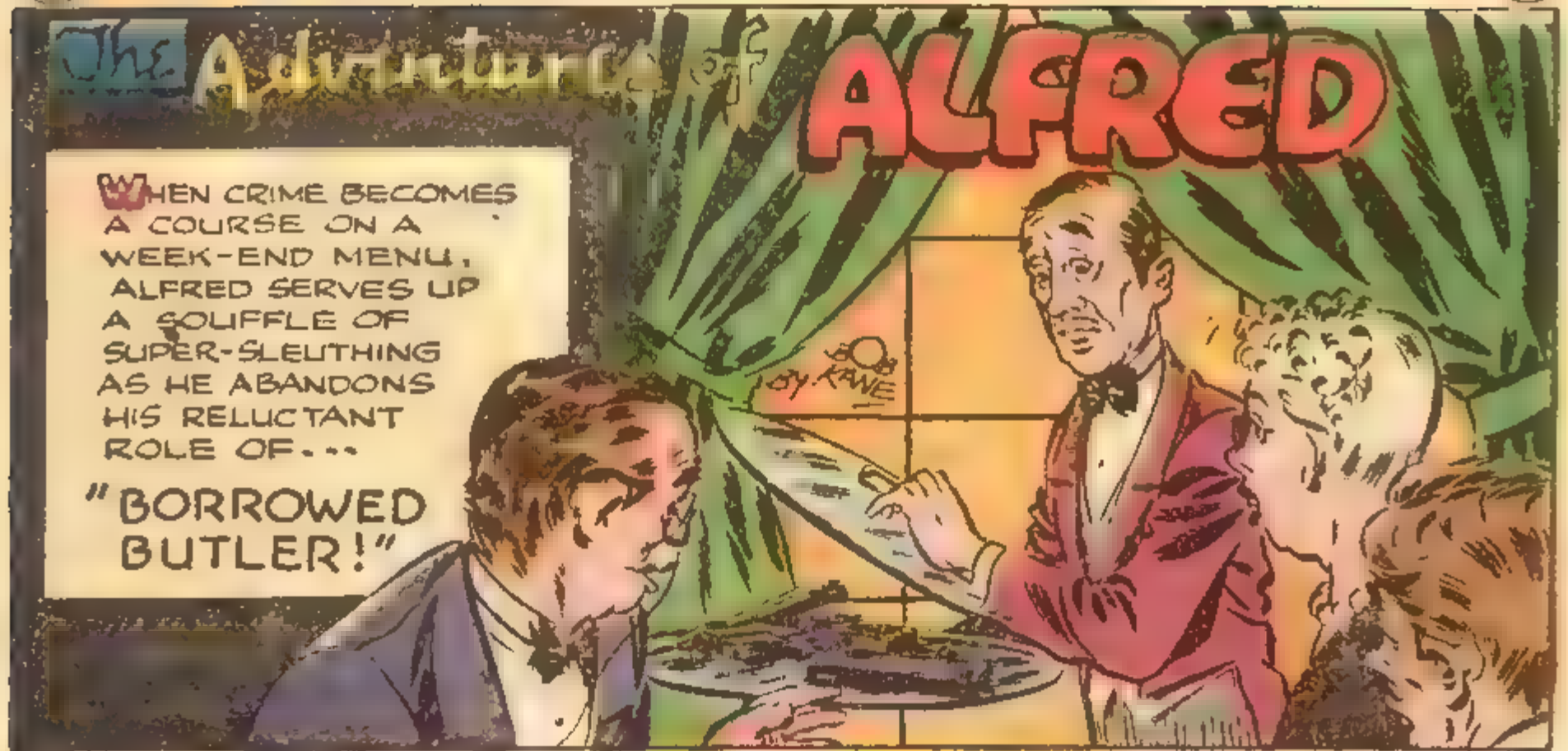
OH, ELMER - CLIP OFF TWO JARS OF LIMAS, AND ONE OF BEETS FOR DINNER DEAR!

COMIN' RIGHT UP!

The Adventures of ALFRED

WHEN CRIME BECOMES
A COURSE ON A
WEEK-END MENU,
ALFRED SERVES UP
A SOUFFLE OF
SUPER-SLEUTHING
AS HE ABANDONS
HIS RELUCTANT
ROLE OF...

"BORROWED
BUTLER!"



A FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN
THE WAYNE HOUSEHOLD.

ER--ALFRED--
I WAS WONDER-
ING... THAT IS--
WOULD YOU
MIND DOING ME
A FAVOR?

A FAVOR, SIR?
WHY, MOST
ASSUREDLY!
SOME PROBLEM
IN SLEUTHING
THAT REQUIRES MY
SERVICES, PERHAPS?



WELL--UH-- NOT EXACTLY, ALFRED, OLD
FELLOW. YOU SEE-- I'M UNDER
AN OBLIGATION TO
OUR NEIGHBOR,
MRS. VAN UPSITART,
AND...

THE
TRUTH IS, ALFRED,
MRS. VAN UPSITART
NEEDS YOU FOR
THE WEEK-END
SO SHE ASKED
IF--



MAWSTER
BRUCE, SIR--
IS THIS TRUE?
AM I TO BE
BORROWED
OUT?

NOW, ALFRED--
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
PUT IT LIKE THAT!
YOU SEE, SHE HAS
WEEK-END GUESTS
COMING... AND HER
BUTLER IS ILL...
AND...



WELL, SIR--
SINCE WE CAN'T
GET OUT OF IT,
I PRESUME I
MUST GO.

GOOD
SOLDIER,
ALFRED! I
KNEW YOU'D
DO IT!





SO LATER, WE FIND AN UNHAPPY AND RELUCTANT ALFRED RECEIVING FINAL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE NEARBY HOME OF MRS. VAN UPSTART.

ALFRED, THIS DINNER FOR MY VISITING NEPHEW OSWALD, MUST GO SMOOTHLY. THERE ARE ONLY TWELVE GUESTS. YOU WON'T BE OVERWORKED. AND NOW, I MUST RETURN TO THE DINING ROOM...

BAH...ER.. I MEAN ABSOLUTELY!

NOW, OSWALD, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST VISIT TO GOTHAM CITY?

FRANKLY, AUNTIE...IT'S A DULL TOWN.

HMM.. MAYBE IF I SPILL THIS SALAD ON HER DEAR NEPHEW.. BUT NO..IT WOULD BE A REFLECTION ON MR. WAYNE...

WHAT? DULL? NOT WITH THE CELEBRATED BATMAN AROUND! THAT FELLOW IS TERRIFIC! EVERY DAY...

OH, YES, SIR! THE BATMAN IS...

ALFRED! YOU WILL SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO!

ER..I BEG PARDON, MA'AM!

SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

BATMAN, MR. PIPER? WHY, I'M SURE HE'S JUST OVER-RATED. NO MAN CAN BE THAT GOOD!

THAT YOUNG BOUNDER! HE CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT BATMAN IN MY PRESENCE! I HOPE MR. PIPER PUTS HIM IN HIS PLACE!

YOU READ TOO MANY NEWSPAPERS, PIPER!

WELL, I'D STILL HATE TO HAVE HIM AROUND IF I WERE A CROOK!

NONSENSE! BATMAN IS ONLY AN ORDINARY... YOW!!

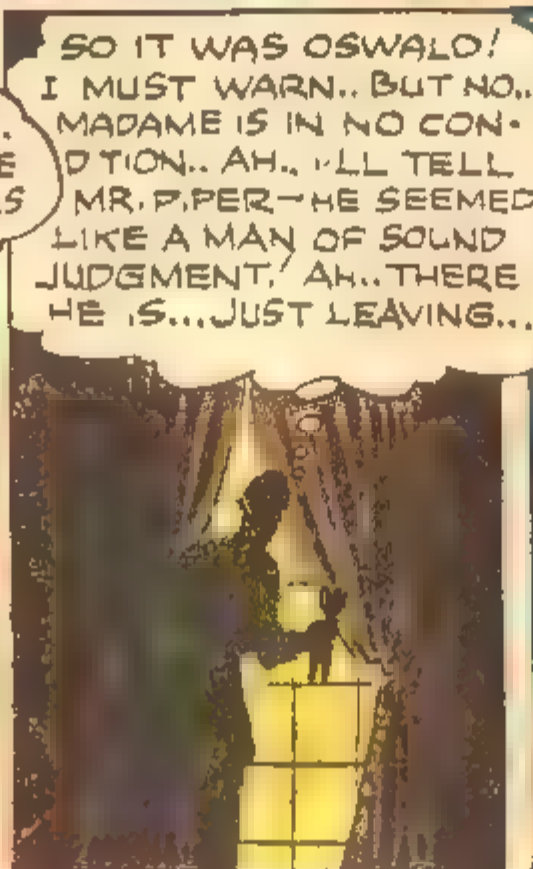
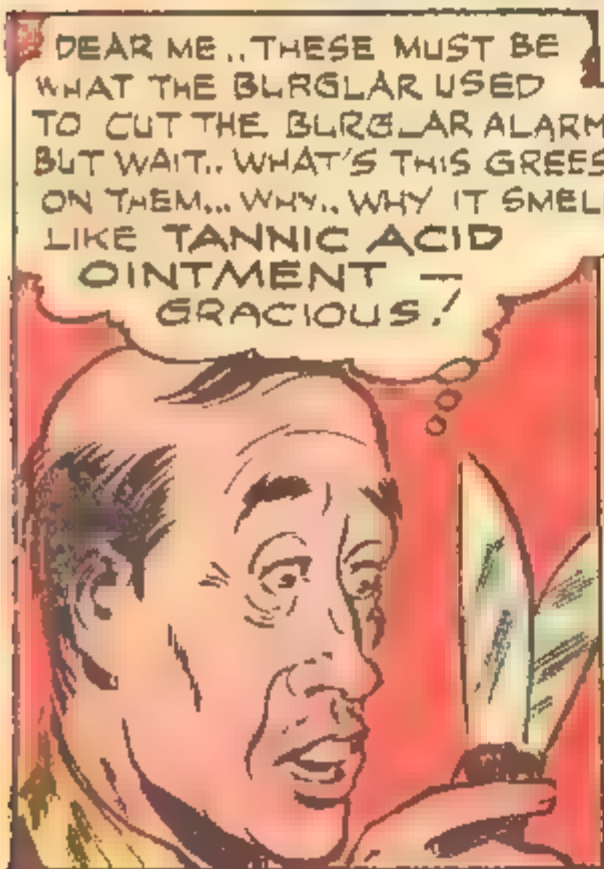
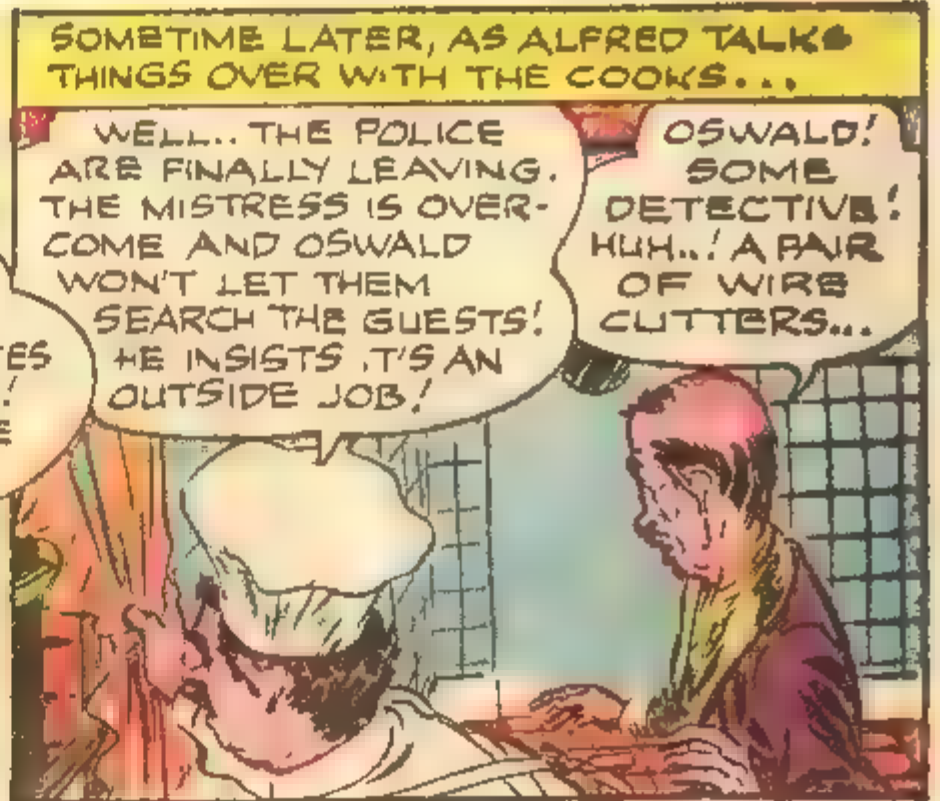
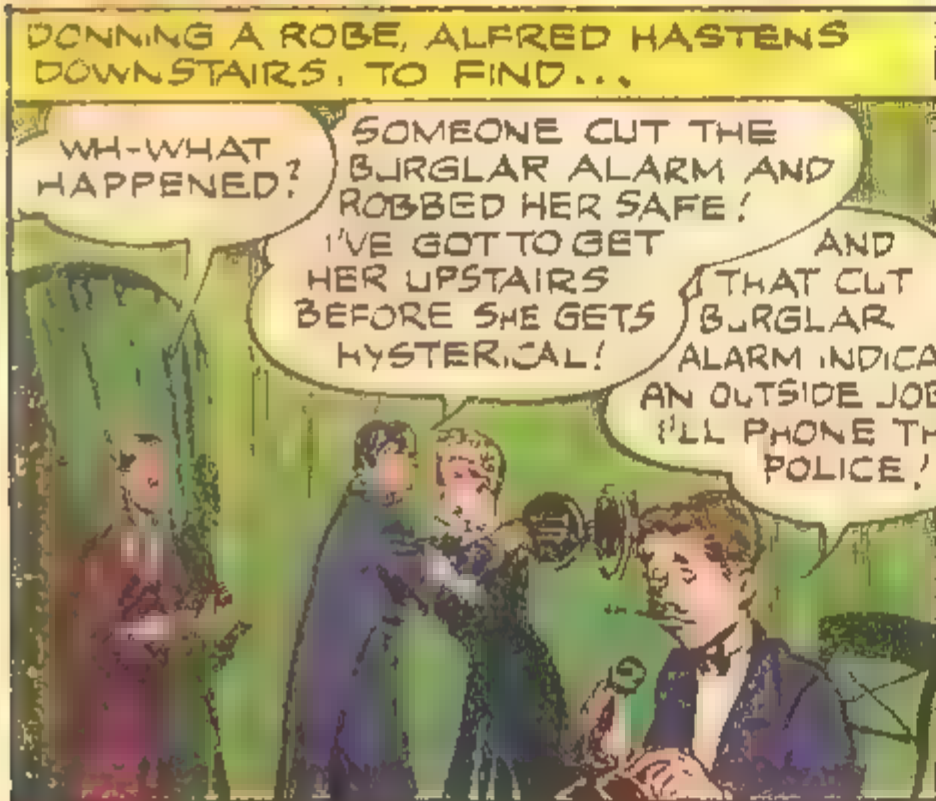
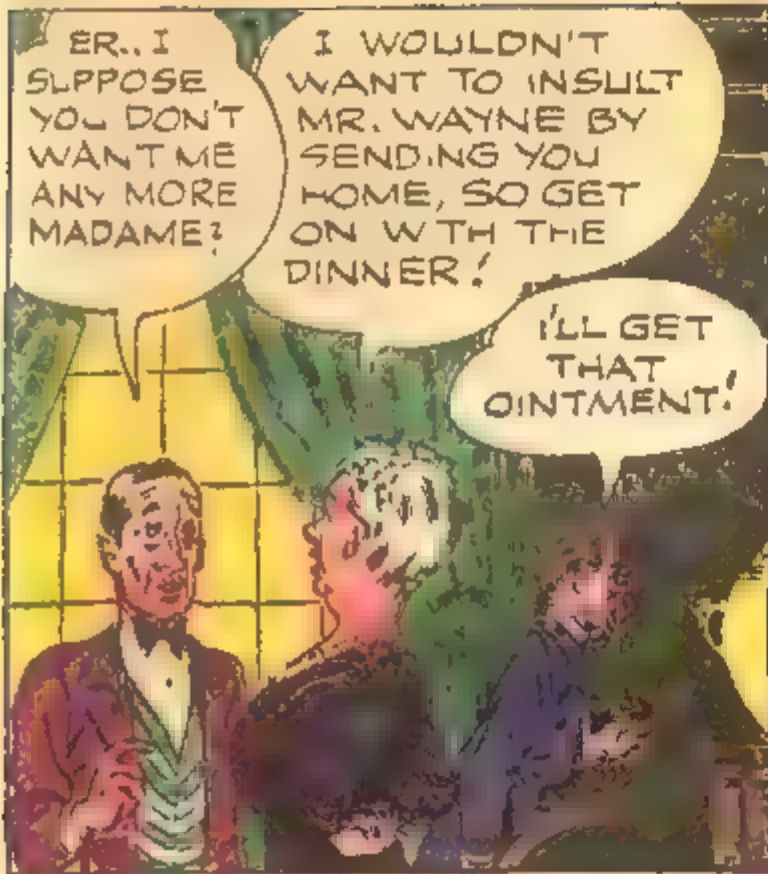
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW...

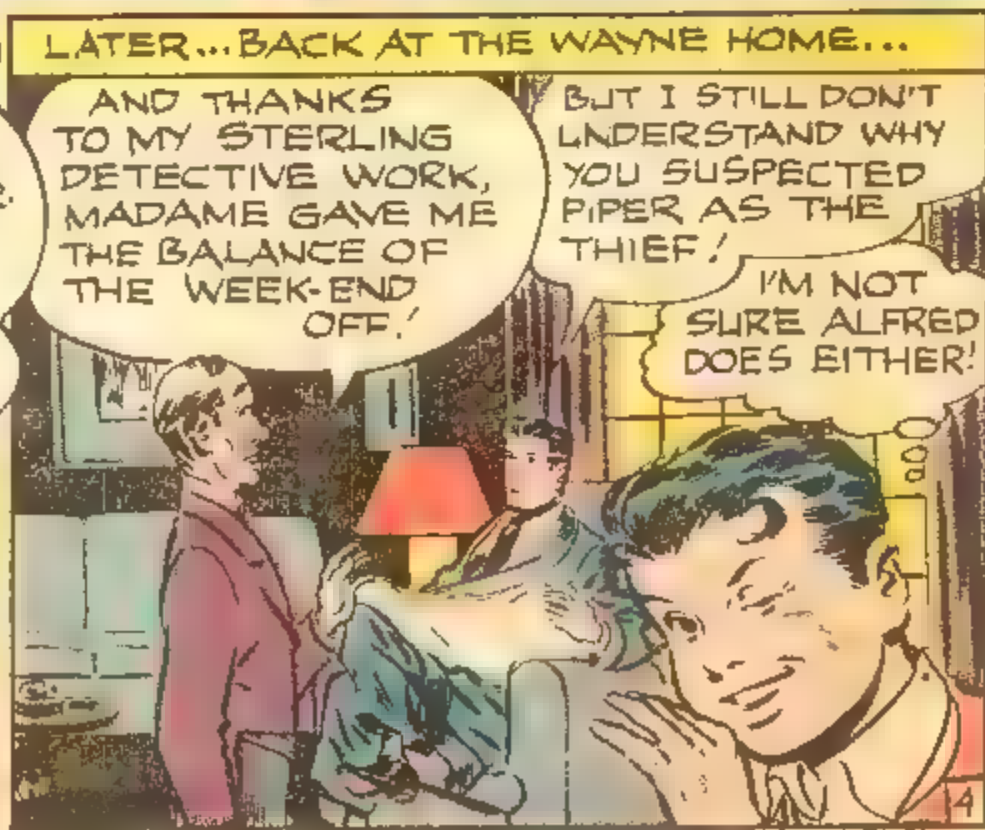
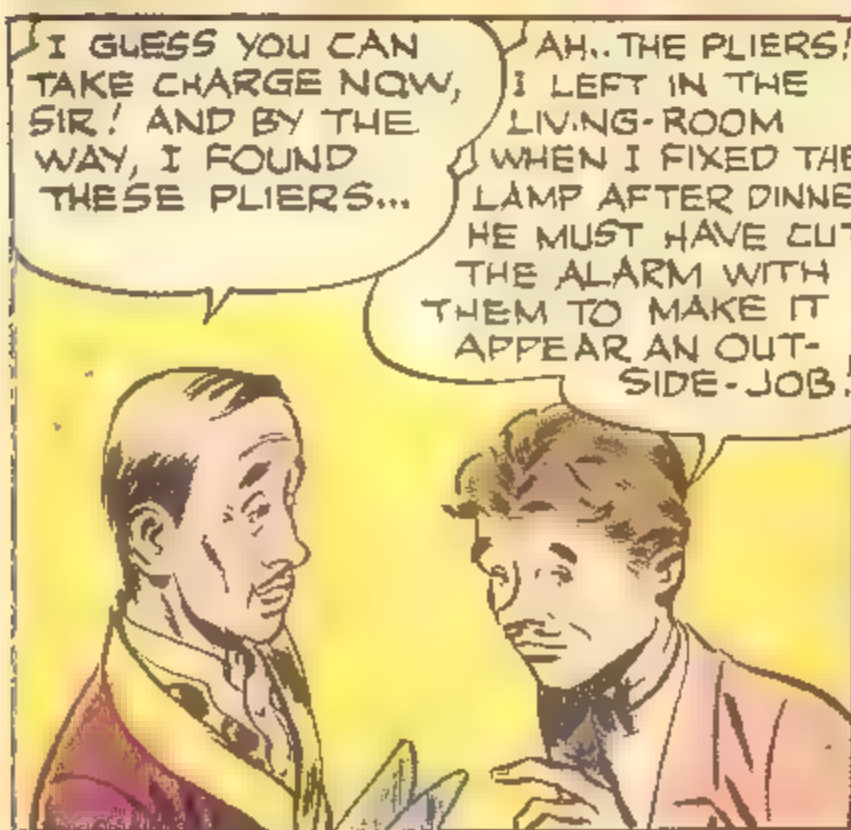
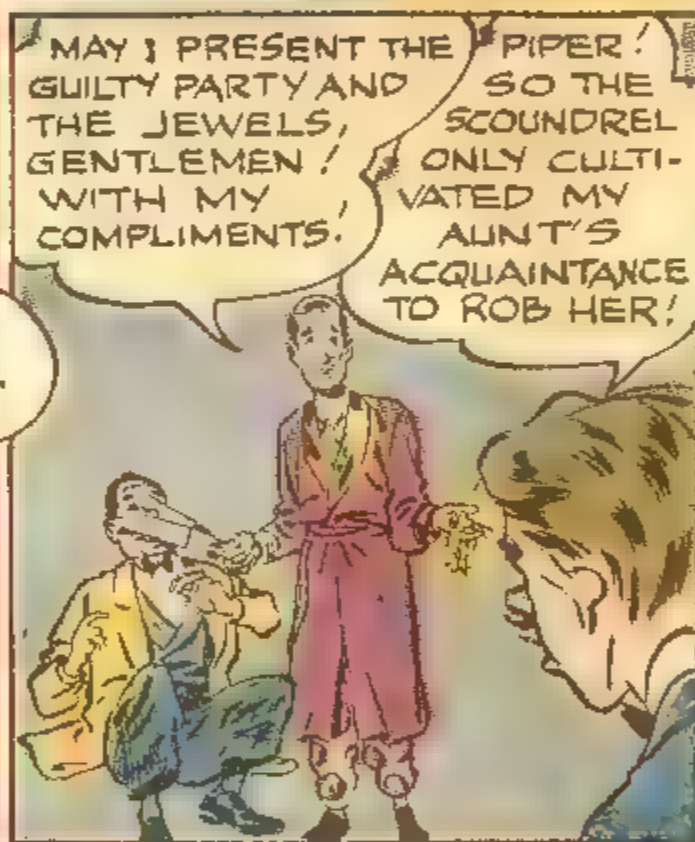
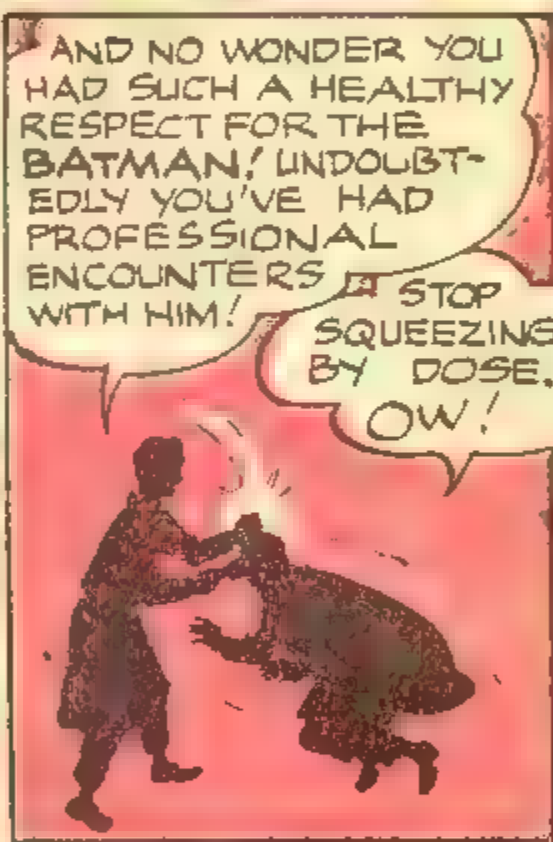
OOPS..BEG PARDON, SIR!

ALFRED! YOU CLUMSY FOOL!

MY FINGERS... THAT MATCH BURNED THEM! OWOWOW!

HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING, ALFRED! OSWALD, THERE'S SOME TANNIC ACID OINTMENT IN THE MEDICINE CHEST THAT'LL SOOTHE YOUR HANDS...





ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

by Tod Lowry

THEY had been here a whole week now, the two of them. It was a beautiful time of the year to visit this part of the country, and the mountain climbing season was in full swing. Behind the Van Dyke and the altered nose, Hardy plotted the murder of Canby. Or, you might say, it wasn't really being plotted. That had been done months ago. All that remained now was the execution.

Sitting at his usual table in the bar, Hardy looked out at the high peak of Mt. Colony. To look at Hardy, it would be difficult to imagine him a murderer. He looked more like a professor, or a lecturer—or is there any difference?—than a man who had the blood of many victims on his hands. But Hardy was a dealer in death. He was a spy and he sold his knowledge to the highest bidder. Wars, oddly enough, did not interest Hardy personally. They were only business to him.

But he personally was interested in Canby. Why? Because Canby was a high-ranking diplomat who carried locked within a shrewd brain, secrets worth a king's ransom or a country's freedom? No, not that. Canby was a spy, too, a prince among espionage agents. And it was because of Canby that Hardy had lost the only woman he had ever loved, Michele. She had been his most trusted agent, and his most assured source of revenue.

Michele! As Hardy thought of her, his fingers tightened around the whisky glass, tightened until the knuckles were white.

The glass snapped. Hardy recovered himself, quickly dabbed at the small wet spot with his napkin. Fortunately, his hands

had not been cut. A waiter hurried over, slashed at the spot, then hustled away and back again with a fresh drink. "Sorry," Hardy said. "It was very clumsy of me."

The waiter smiled. "Accidents will happen, Mr. White," he said. His eyes looked at the old-fashioned cuckoo clock. "I guess Mr. Canby will be down any minute. Incidentally, the cook has packed your lunches. It's quite a climb up old Colony, you know."

Hardy said he knew it was. The waiter walked away.

Michele! Hardy thought of her again. He wasn't trying this time, as he had so often in the past, to keep from his memory the scene that had been related to him. The bare white wall, the rising ball of red sun, its fiery shafts glinting on rifle barrels levelled at a frail figure.

Michele! Dead. She would never have been caught had not Canby tipped off the military. It had taken time, years, to find out who had been responsible. He had known all along Michele couldn't possibly have slipped up. She had been too experienced, too wise in the way of traitors.

And then, slowly, ever so slowly, the information had begun to trickle in. A little gossip in Vienna, some talk in London, an idle thought in Moscow . . . Canby . . . Canby . . . Canby . . . he had done it.

And now, today, Canby would pay.

Hardy smiled, said: "Good morning, Professor Canby. I was afraid you were going to call off our date."

"Nonsense." Canby was small, with a high forehead, intelligent eyes. He really liked mountain climbing. For a week he had

been trying to get a party together to scale Mt. Colony. He had done it three times before. But this present group of vacationers were amateurs; they had shied away from the perilous heights of the majestic mountain.

Then, he had met this man called White, who had been a bit timorous at first. Together they had done some climbing, enough for him, Canby, the expert, to see that this man could climb Colony. It wouldn't be a real vacation without going up again.

They had discussed it last night in the bar. And White had agreed to make the trip. Of course, Canby thought now, the man was a little afraid. He had sensed it in the way he had tried to make a joke. "Don't forget, Professor, I've got a lot of employees depending on me. It's all right getting up, but I want to make sure I come down. The right way."

Canby had laughed and said: "Don't worry, Mr. White. I'll take care of you."

He meant it, too. This White would be worth cultivating. He was an oil man who had an interest in shipyards. Already, through the strange channels through which spy news travels, news of England's entry into the war was sifting. It was only a matter of weeks now, instead of months. And a man who built ships might prove very useful.

Canby watched amusedly as White rose from his seat. Why, the man's hands were actually shaking!

"You're sure you want to go up?" Canby asked, half-hoping for a refusal. A scared man never got far on a mountain climb. It was foolish to go out with one, all the prep-

arations would have been for naught.

"More than anything in the world," Hardy said.

"Let's go then," Canby said.

They said goodbye to the waiter and the bartender. In the early morning stillness of the room, their climbing boots as they walked across the rough board floor sounded like marching feet.

Knapsacks were packed and waiting for them. The picks and the rope were alongside them. Canby immediately assumed command.

The sun was only a thin sliver of red, yawning and stretching itself lazily in the East as they reached the foot of the mountain. The air was sharp and bracing.

"We picked a wonderful day for the climb," Canby said happily. "We couldn't have picked a better." He smiled. "By lunch time, we'll be on top looking down on these mortals below."

Hardy said nothing. He felt that he couldn't trust himself to speak. His single glance at the sun had rushed back into his mind thoughts of Michele! Her hair had been red as that sun once—and so had her blood!

He blinked his eyes to wipe out the murder in them. He had waited a long time for this, nothing . . . nothing . . . nothing . . . must prevent the murder that was to be.

Everything had been set in place like the parts in a perfect Swiss watch. Everything would go off just as smoothly, Hardy knew. It would go off the way he had planned it. There would be no hitch. Two men would go up this mountainside. Only one man would return.

And that man would be Hardy.

In his mind's eye, Hardy pictured himself coming down. His face would be white, he would be breathless, his hands would be cut and bleeding and his clothing would be torn. People would say that a man as fright-

ened as he, coming down alive after such a tragedy, must have been touched with the devil's own luck.

And he would say: "I slipped, and poor Canby tried to grab me. He managed to get my collar, pull me to safety. And then, he slipped and went over!"

A hero? It would leave Canby a hero? Why not? After all, heroes were a dime a dozen. And when a man performs a heroic act to save the life of his friend, the authorities are not suspicious, they do not question too closely. Hardy smiled grimly. The *gendarmes* would shrug and say: "Mountain climbing. Accidents will happen, *M'sieu*. They cannot be helped. It is Fate."

Well, he, Hardy, was going to help Fate along this time.

Such were the thoughts that buoyed him up all during the long, agonizing climb, a climb in which he studied Canby's back, a climb on which he reflected the latter's murder. He grunted when, nearing the top, Canby shouted over the wind: "You're doing fine, White. I'll make a real climber out of you yet." He was feeling exhilarated in the fine, sharp air.

And then at last they were there. They stretched out for a moment, because they were spent and tired. Hardy was the last to get up, not because he was the weaker of the two (if only Canby knew how many mountains he, Hardy had climbed these past few years in preparation for this moment!), but because he wanted to think. This was the last part to be put into motion, the last precious part.

Now, still roped, they stood beside each other, two murderers who preferred to be known as business men, dealers in secrets, and looked at the magnificent view. From their chalets like tiny doll houses, dotted the green landscape.

Canby drank in deep draughts of the clear, sharp air. The sun was high and bright. "It's beautiful, isn't it, White,

beautiful. It makes you happy to be alive."

He did not notice that Hardy had stepped behind him and slipped from the safety rope. Hardy wanted no mistake on balance. The balance of murder had to be in his power!

Hardy was surprised to find his body trembling. He said: "She would have loved it. She loved life, too."

Canby turned, his eyes puzzled. "She, White?"

"Michele!" Hardy snapped and murder leaped from his eyes.

Canby's arms thrust out defensively. Hardy had not counted on Canby's over-normal intelligence.

"You're Hardy!" Canby gasped as the former's strong hands clutched his throat. He struggled in demoniac, wild fury and for a moment Hardy took another step back.

But this was his moment of fury, his moment of anger, his time of revenge. This was his murder and he would not be cheated of it! A roar came from his throat and all the pent-up venom of years coursed through his body, turned it into a projectile of iron, a juggernaut of death, a strength no power on earth could at this moment withstand.

A scream burst from Canby's throat as his body hurtled through space, arrowed toward a peaceful valley 15,000 feet below, a valley that all too soon would be torn and bleeding and resound to the rumble of guns and the marching of men. The scream echoed through the high spaces of the valley swallowing up, absorbing every other sound. Even the other scream, the one that tore from the throat of Hardy as his frantic fingers clutched at the rope which had wound itself taut around his ankle, the rope into which he had stepped, and whose other end was around the falling body of Canby.

"Accidents will happen," the *gendarmes*, viewing the shattered bodies, said later. "It is Fate."



BATMAN

ROBIN

A POLICE
DIVISION STORY

BY BOB
LANE

THE WILDERNESS

IF ITS TROUBLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, JOIN THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE! COURAGEOUS AND RESOURCEFUL, THESE COLORFUL RED-COATED LAWMEN PATROL A BEAT LARGER THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD... FROM THE BLUE PACIFIC TO THE STORMY ATLANTIC, FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE FAR, FROZEN ARCTIC! AND THEIR MOTTO—"THE MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET THE MAN!"—IS NO DLE SLOGAN, AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** SWIFTLY LEARN WHEN THEY TEAM UP WITH THE POLICE FORCE OF THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS TO TRAP A SHREWD AND REMORSELESS BAND OF...

PELT PLUNDERERS!



ON VACATION IN CANADA'S REMOTE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES NEAR HUDSON BAY, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES TRACK THE "FLEET" CARBOU-ECCETY PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

IT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THE NOisy CITY AND CROOK-CHASING!

YOU SAID IT, BRUCE? NOW IF WE CAN ONLY FIND SOMETHING TO HUNT!...

SUDDENLY...
ARF! ARF!
NO, YOU DON'T!
GET HIM, YOU MUGGS!

SOMETHING'S GOING ON? WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

WHAT-?

THE MUTTS STOPPED TO FIGHT OVER THE MEAT WE THREW 'EM LIKE THE BOSS SAID THEY WOULD!

NOW KAYO THIS CHUMP AND GRAB THE FURS!

A HOLDUP— HERE IN THE NORTH WOODS? C'MON, DICK?

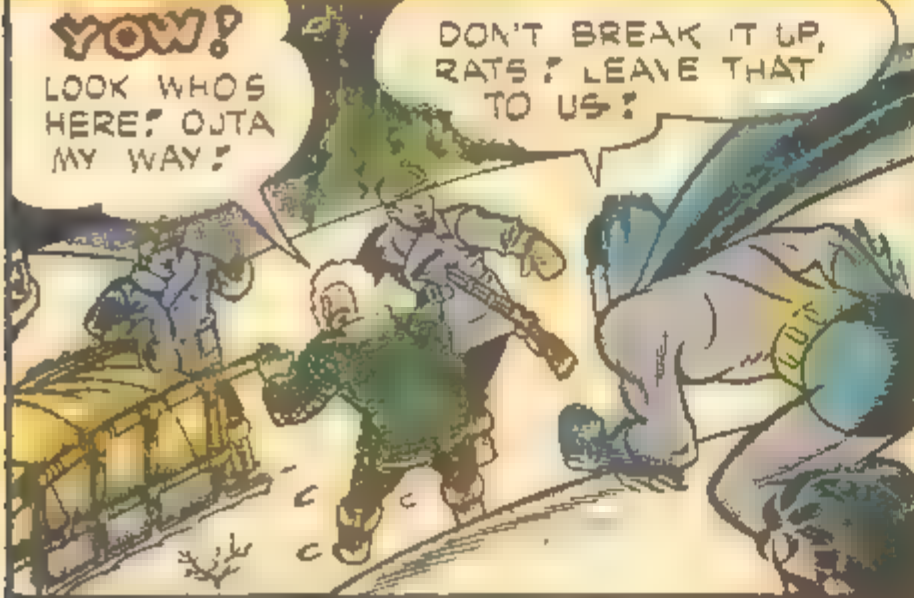


SPLIT SECONDS LATER, DOUBLE DISASTER STRIKES THE GANG AS BATMAN AND ROBIN SPRING INTO ACTION!

YOW!

LOOK WHO'S HERE? OUTA MY WAY!

DON'T BREAK IT UP, RATS? LEAVE THAT TO US!



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW MAKIN' YOU GUYS STAY IN THE CITY, WHERE YOU BELONG?... OOOF?

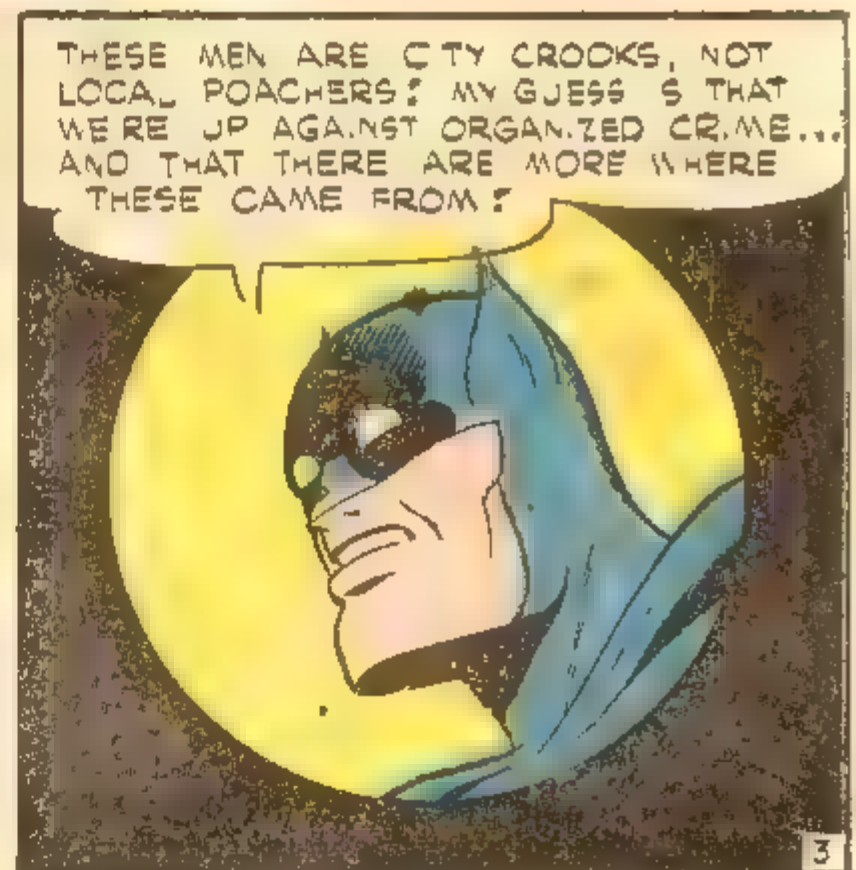
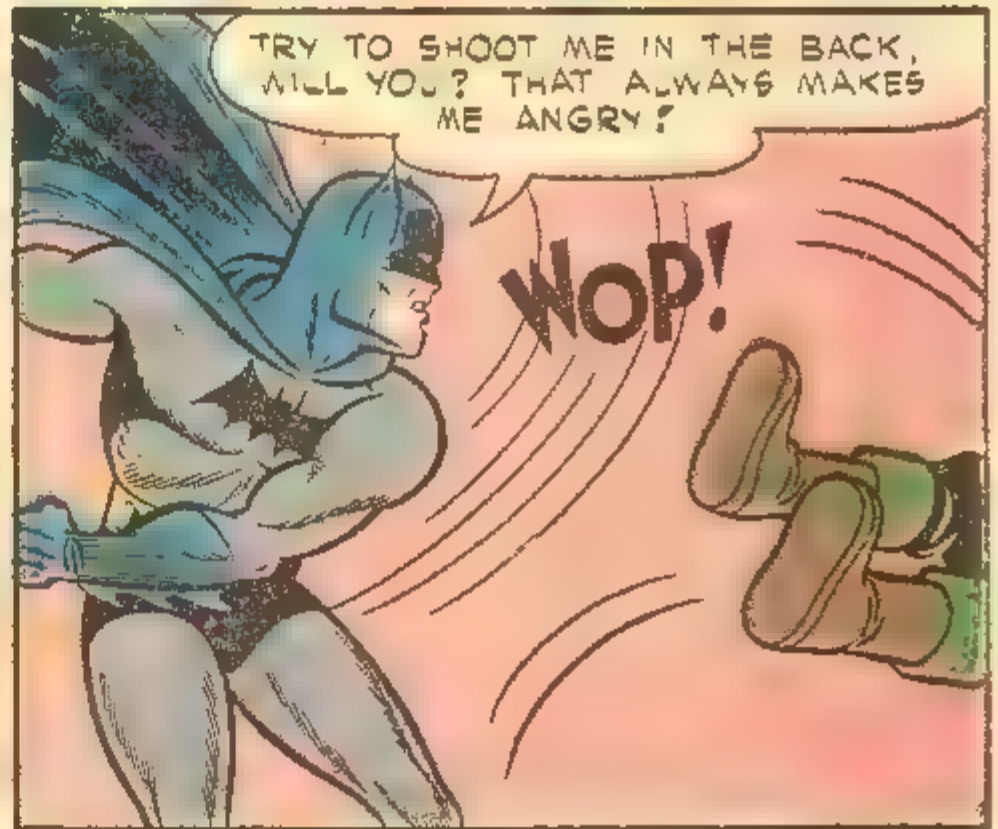
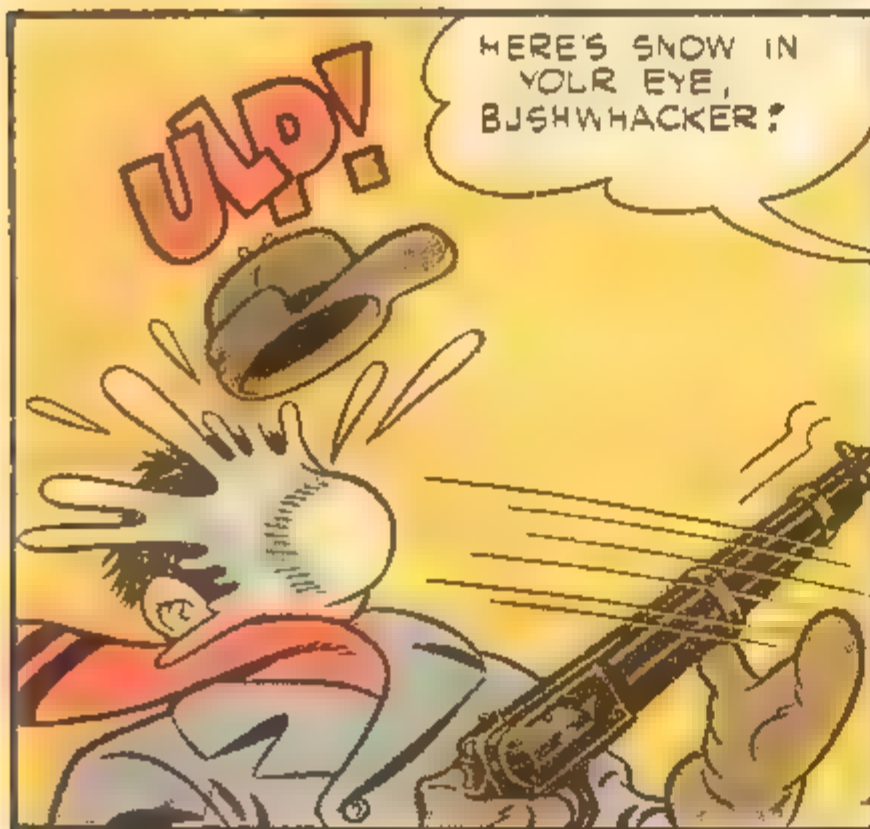
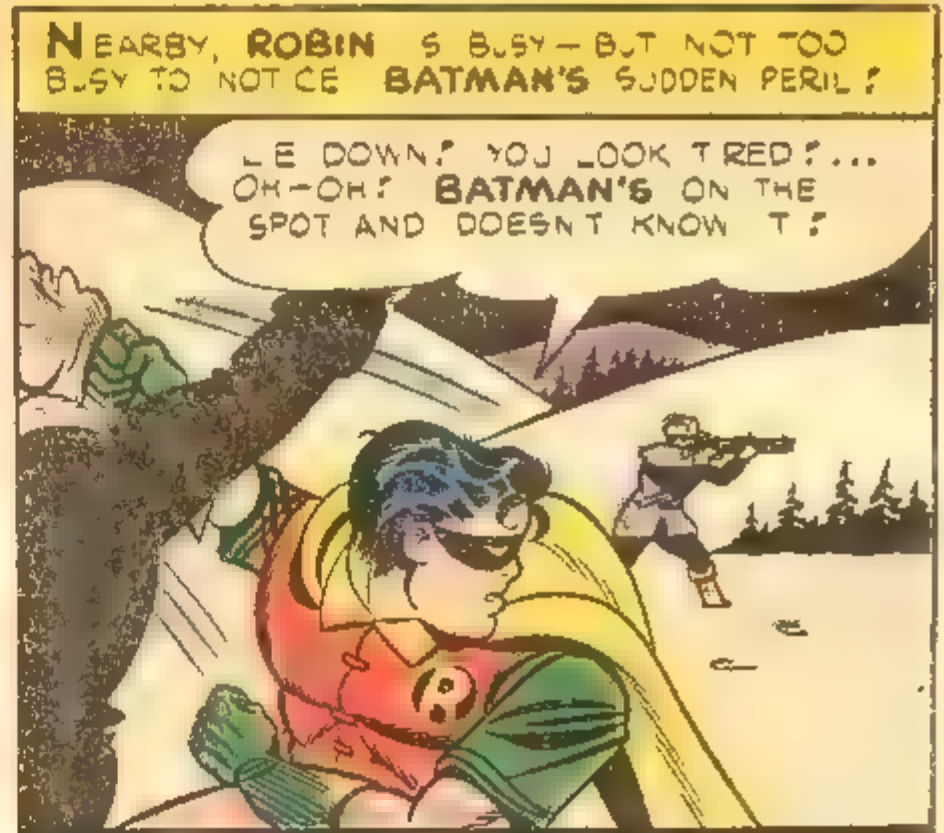
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NEEDED EVERYWHERE!



WE'VE GOT HIM OUTNUMBERED, BOYS? LET'S FINISH HIM!



YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?



A SHREWD GUESS, BATMAN! FOR, NOT FAR AWAY, SKINNER SHORT— A NOTORIOUS GANG LEADER FROM THE STATES— CONFERES WITH SOME OF HIS HENCHMEN!

THESE LOCAL YOKELS KNOCK THEMSELVES OUT TRAPPING BEAVERS ALL YEAR— AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS JUMP IN WITH OUR MODERN CRIME METHODS AND GRAB OFF THE PELTS!

YEAH? WE CAN GET RICH HERE AND GO BACK TO THE STATES TO SPEND THE COIN!

RICH AND THE WORD FOR THE KINDA JACK WE'RE GONNA TAKE NOW THIS JOB I'M PLANNING, FOR INSTANCE... STEN CLOSE...

BOY, THIS WAS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, SKINNER... COMIN' UP HERE TO PULL JOBS? IT'S BETTER CITY STUFF!

NATURALLY! THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE FRESH AIR AND LOTS OF DOUGH— AND NO BATMAN GUMSHOEING AROUND TO MAKE TROUBLE!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

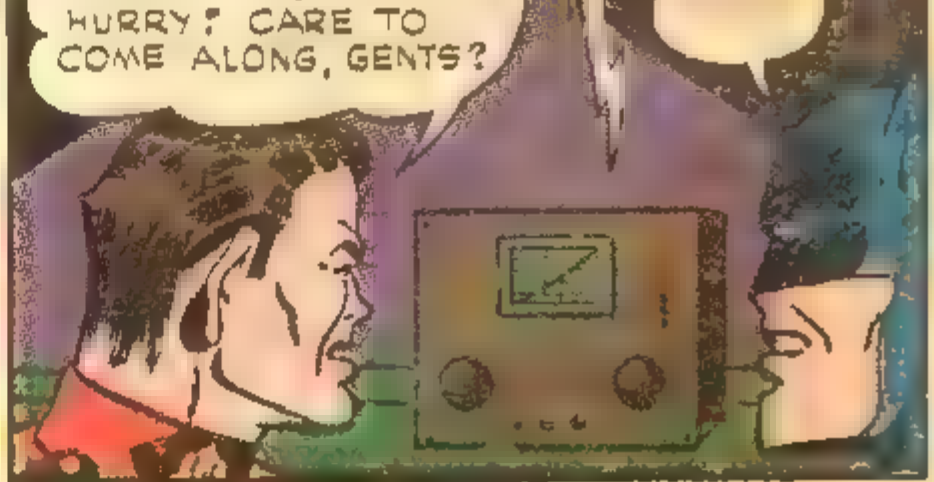
MUCH OBLIGED, BATMAN! THOSE CROOKS YOU BROUGHT IN MUST BE PART OF THE BIG GANG OF FUR ROBBERS THAT'S PREYING ON THIS TERRITORY!

THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING IN OVER THE RADIO, SERGEANT! ANOTHER ROBBERY GOING ON!

A NUMBER OF TRAPPERS TRAVELING TOGETHER FOR SAFETY ARE BEING ATTACKED NEAR APPOMATOC, WHILE TAKING THEIR FURS TO MARKET! SEND REINFORCEMENTS QUICKLY!

THAT'S THIRTY MILES AWAY! WE'D BETTER HURRY! CARE TO COME ALONG, GENTS?

YOU BET!



THE MOUNTIES USE HORSES, DON'T THEY? THEN HOW'LL THEY GO THIRTY MILES IN TIME TO STOP THAT ROBBERY?

YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE!

COME ON, MEN!

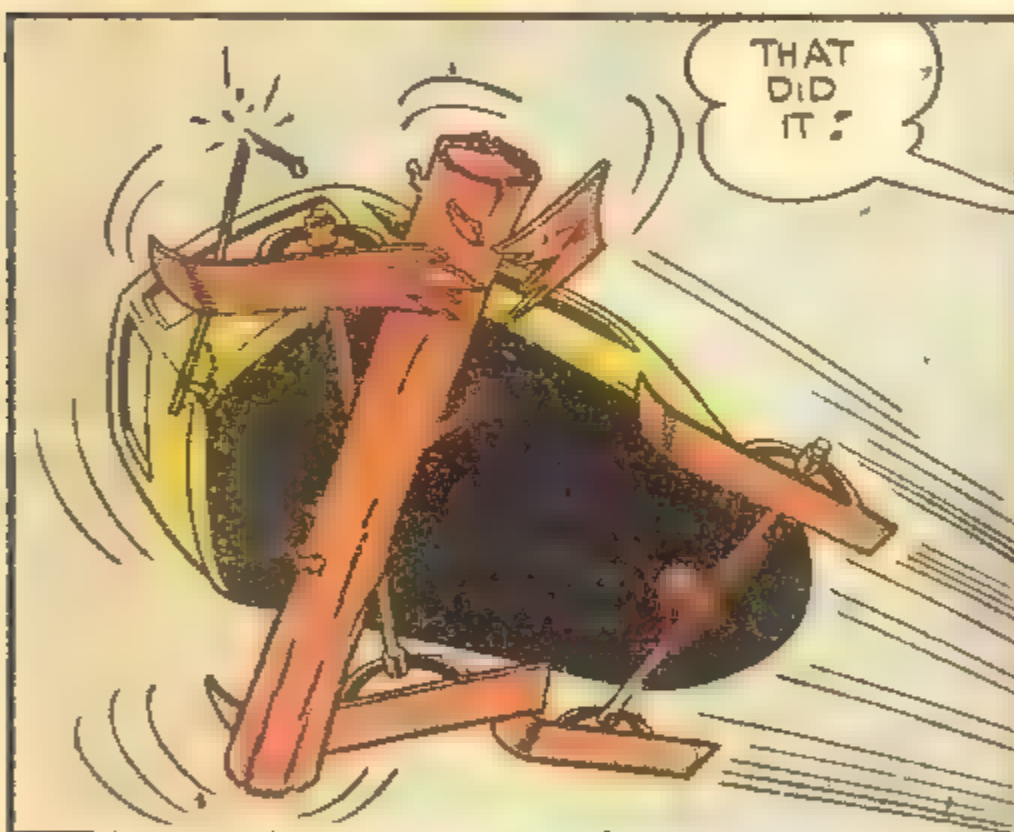
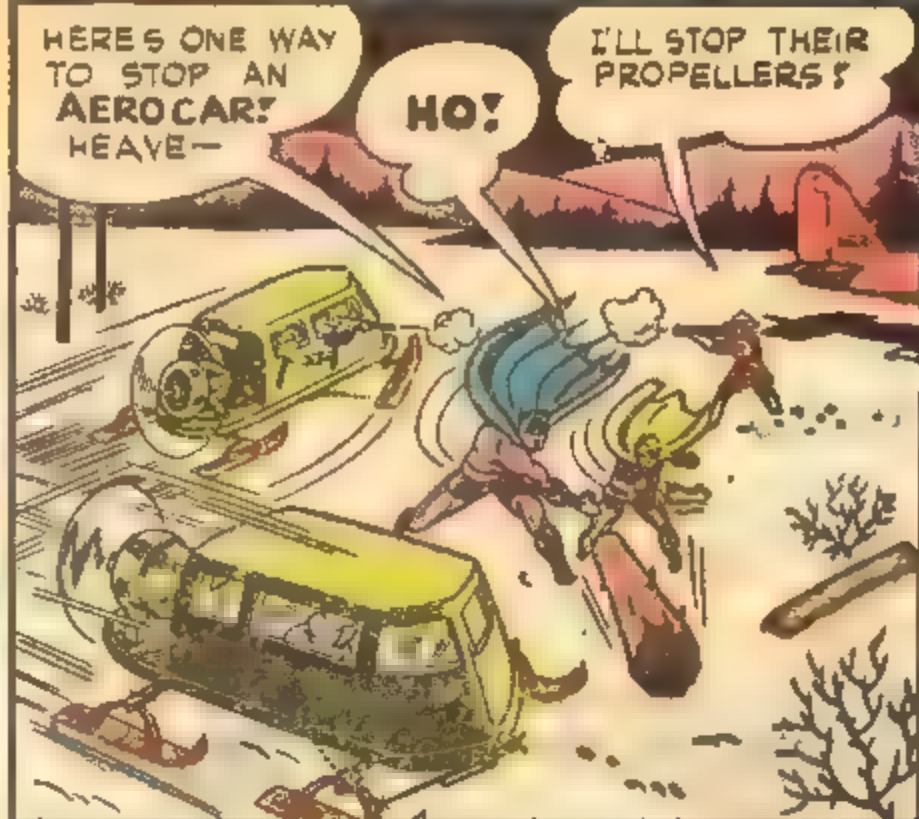
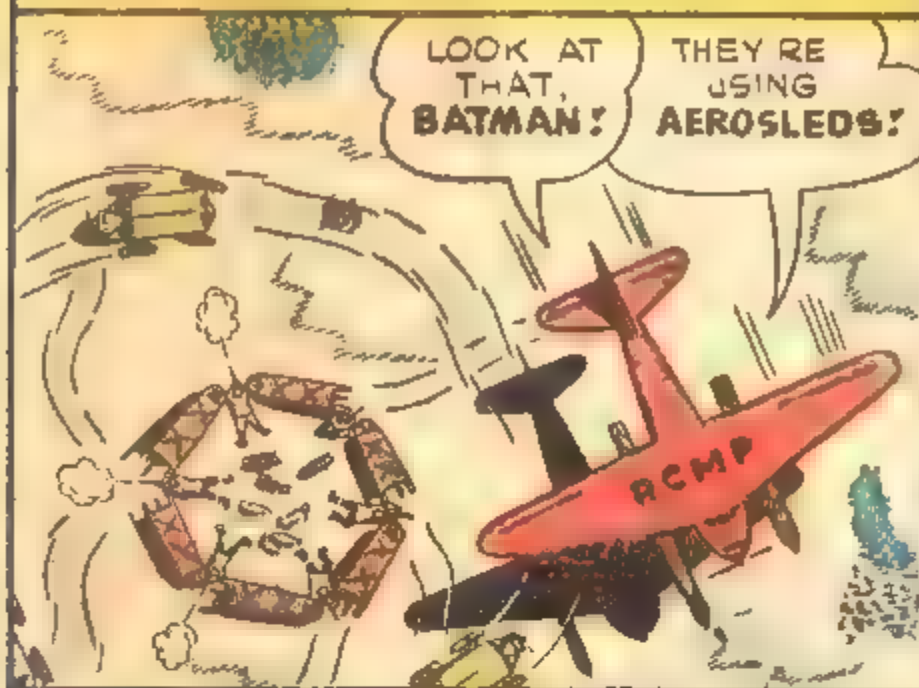
MOMENTS LATER...

I GET IT—THE MOUNTIES AREN'T ALWAYS MOUNTED!

RIGHT, ROBIN! THEY STILL USE HORSES—BUT THEY ALSO USE EVERY DEVICE KNOWN TO SCIENCE TO COMBAT CRIME!

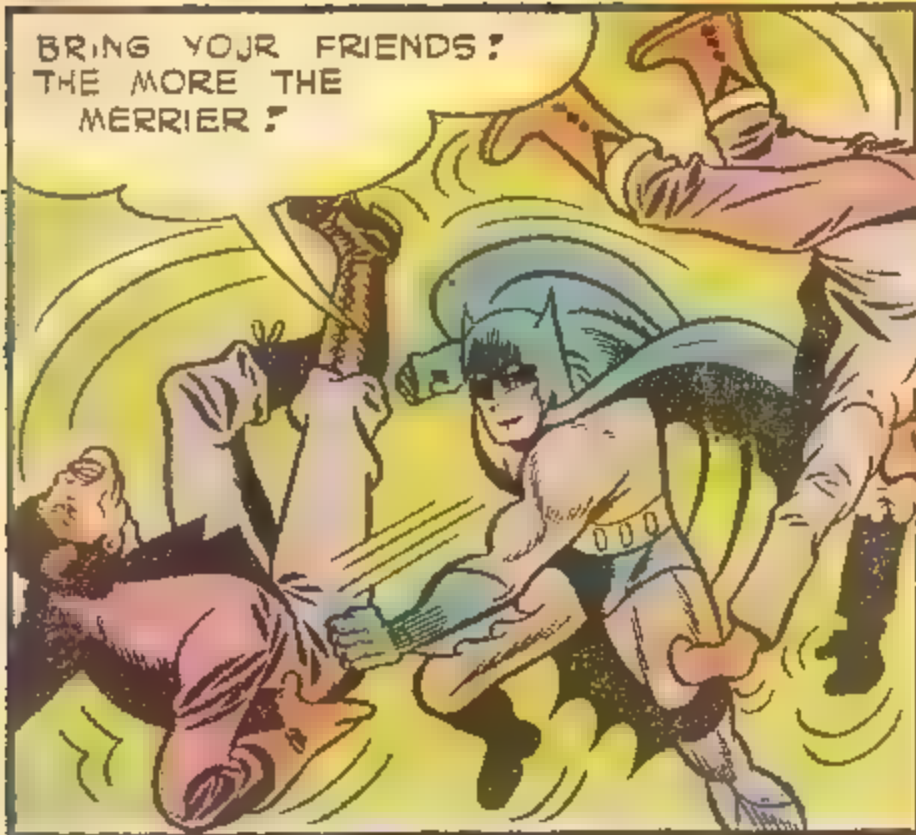


AT THREE MILES A MINUTE, THE FROZEN ARCTIC WASTELAND SWIFTLY SKIMS BENEATH THEM... AND IN TEN MINUTES...



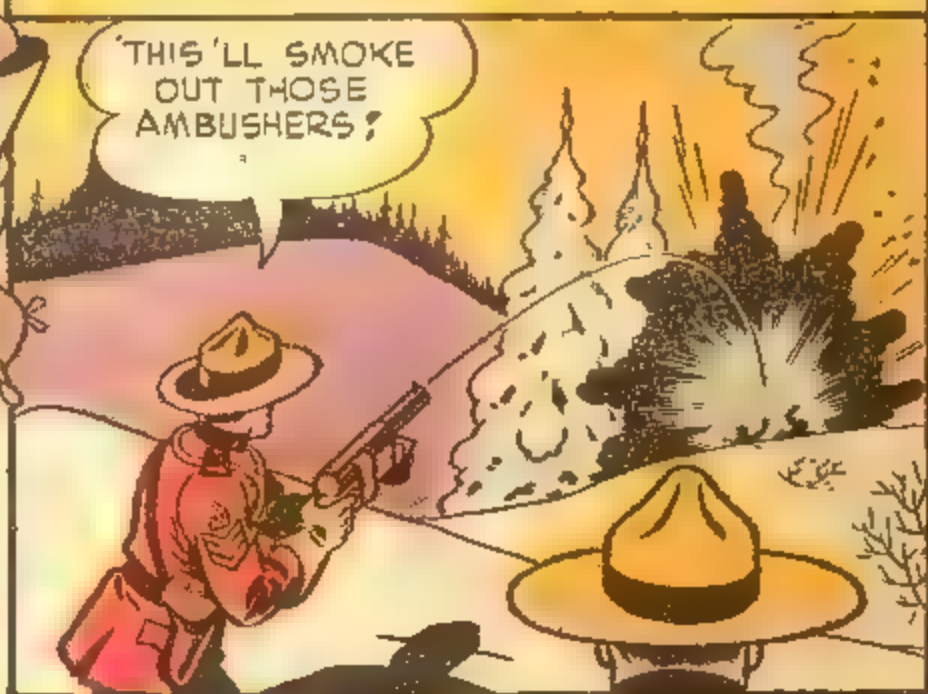


BRING YOUR FRIENDS?
THE MORE THE
MERRIER?



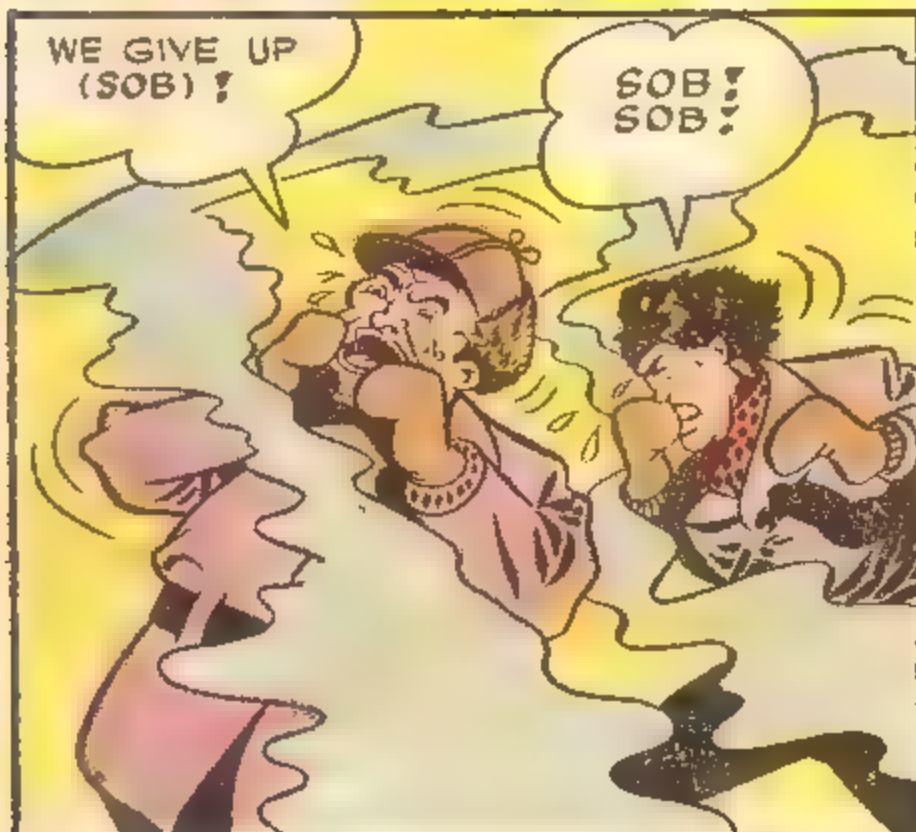
MEANWHILE, THE MOUNTIES ARE NOT
EXACTLY SITTING AROUND WATCHING
THE DYNAMIC DLO IN ACTION?

THIS'LL SMOKE
OUT THOSE
AMBUSHERS?



WE GIVE UP
(SOB)?

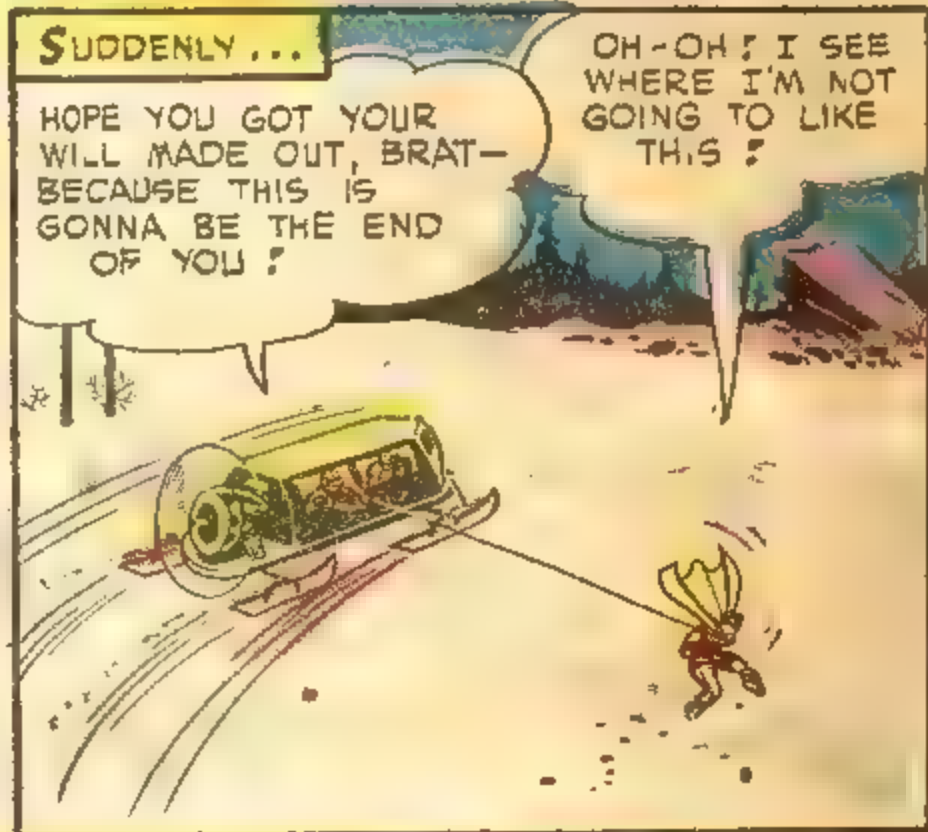
SOB?
SOB?



SUDDENLY ...

HOPE YOU GOT YOUR
WILL MADE OUT, BRAT—
BECAUSE THIS IS
GONNA BE THE END
OF YOU?

OH-OH! I SEE
WHERE I'M NOT
GOING TO LIKE
THIS?

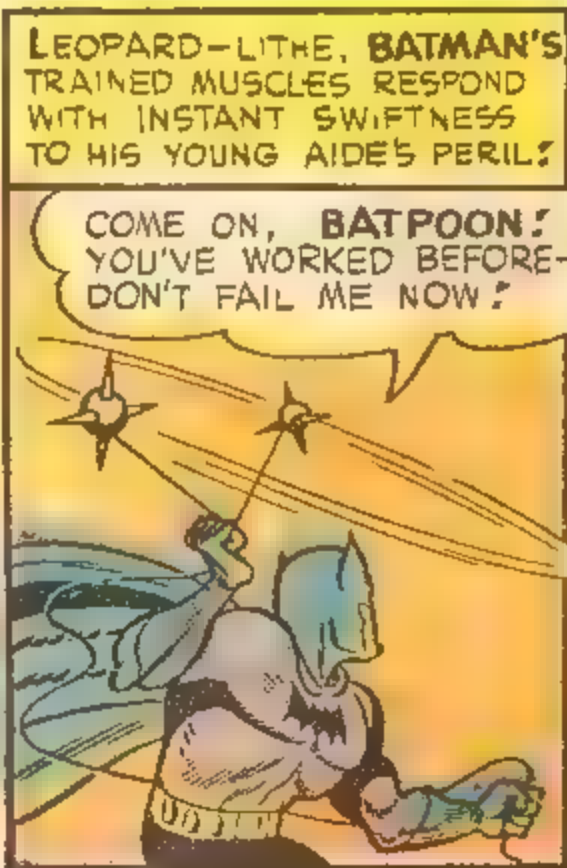


HE'S BEING DRAGGED
- INTO A LINE OF BEAVER
TRAPS? HELL BE KILLED?

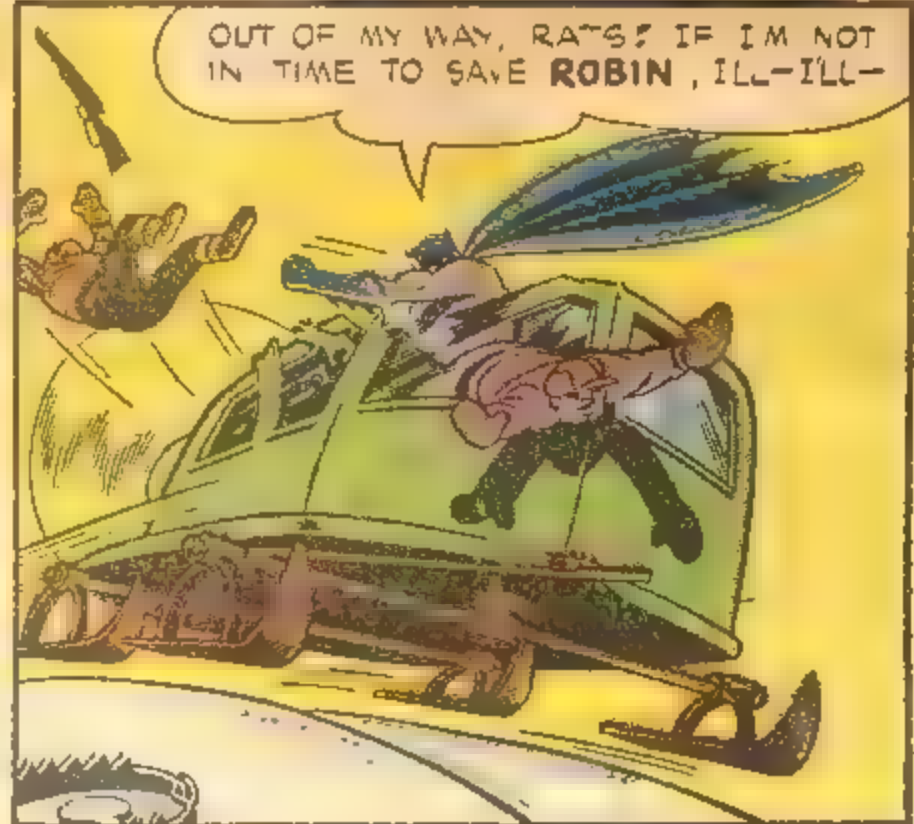


LEOPARD-LITHE, BATMAN'S
TRAINED MUSCLES RESPOND
WITH INSTANT SWIFTNESS
TO HIS YOUNG AIDE'S PERIL?

COME ON, BATPOON!
YOU'VE WORKED BEFORE—
DON'T FAIL ME NOW?



THEN ... A LONG, DAREDEVIL LEAP THROUGH SPACE ...



A POWERFUL, FRANTIC TWIST OF THE STEERING WHEEL AND ...



IN THE MEANTIME, THE STREAMLINED RED-COATED POLICE FORCE HAS BEEN OPERATING WITH DEADLY PRECISION, SNAPPING THE SKID-STRUTS WITH UNERRING BULLETS!

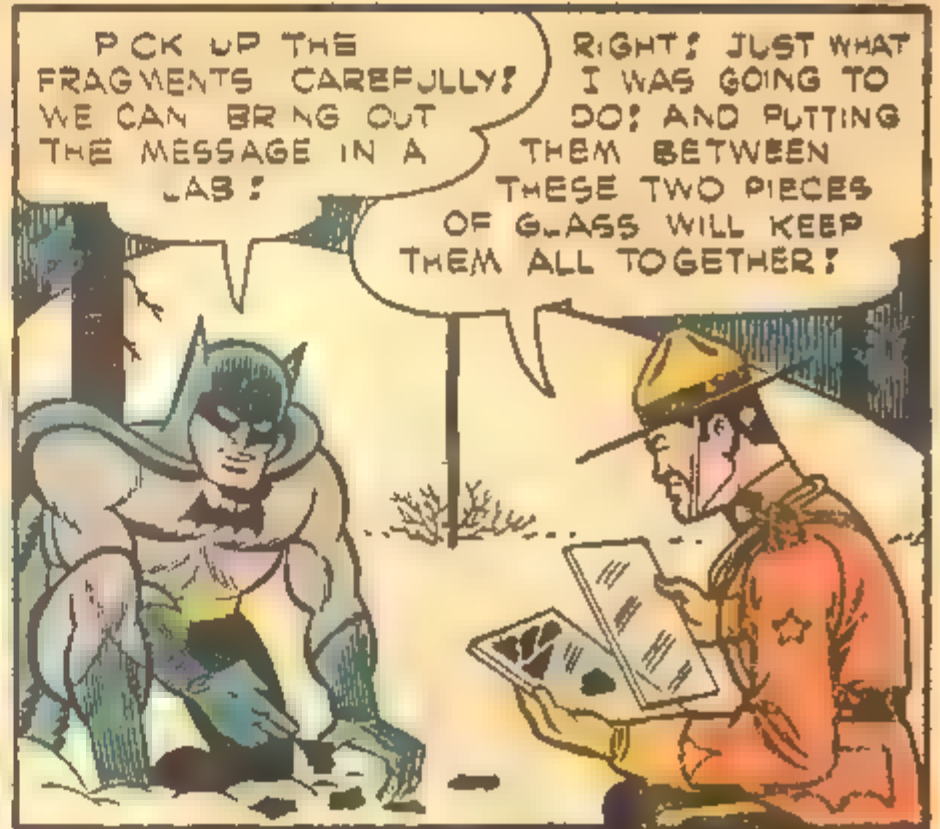
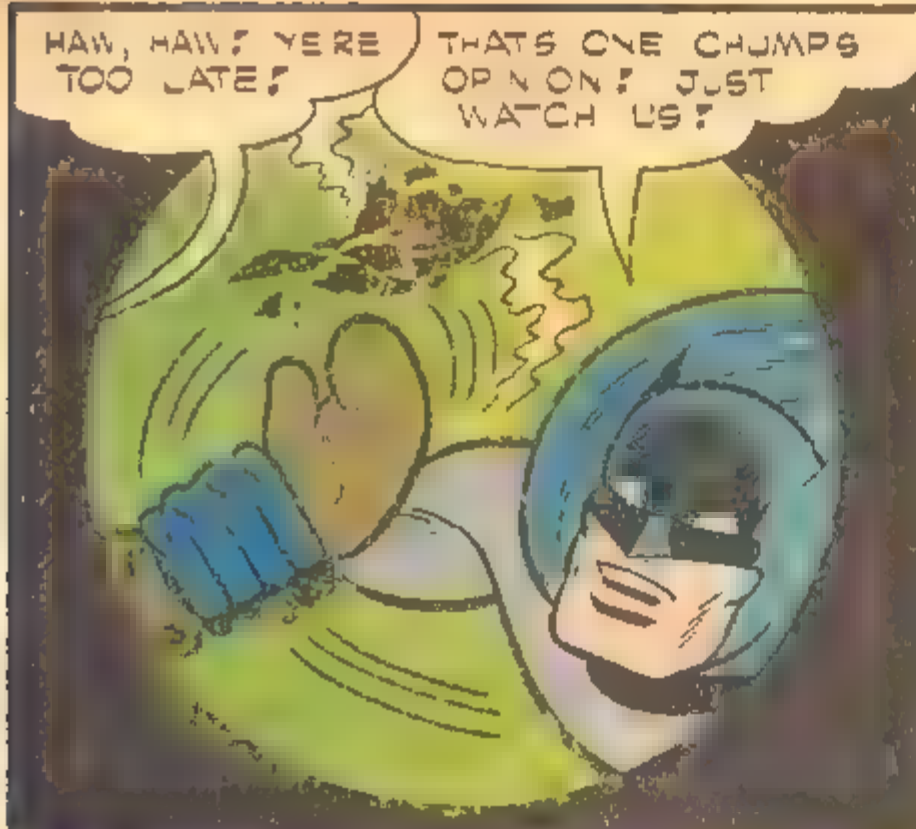


AND THE TRAPPERS CONTRIBUTE THE EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP OF MEN BORN TO HUNTING!



AND, SOON, THE GANG IS ROUNDED UP IN UTTER DEFEAT!

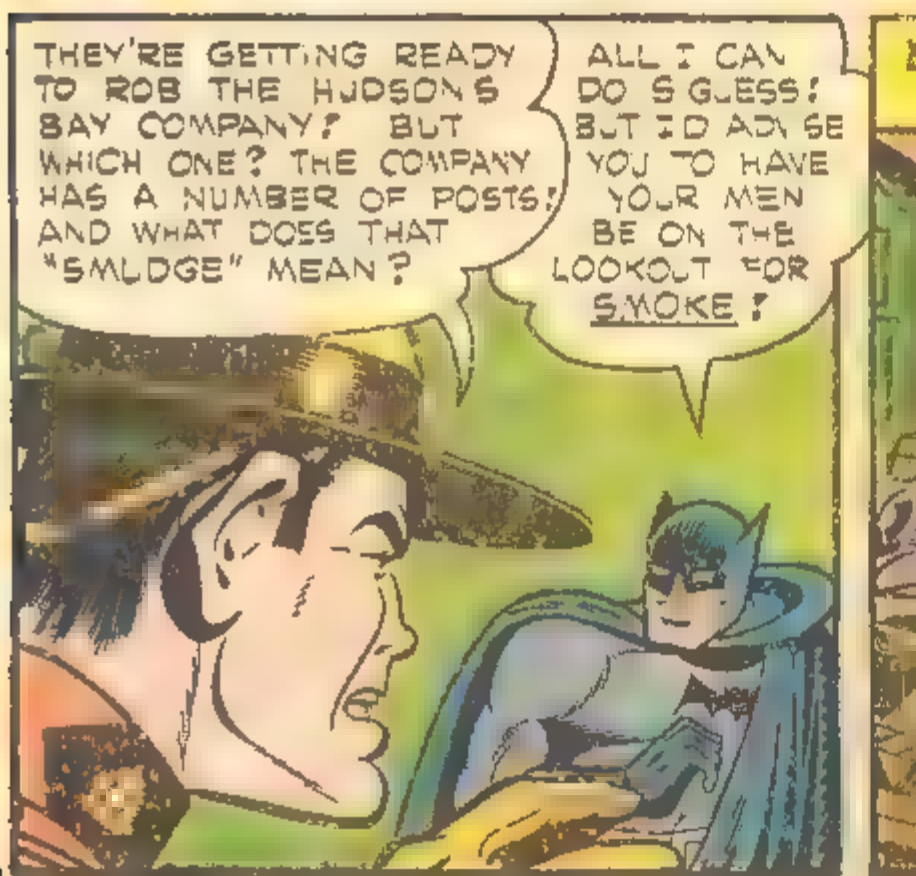
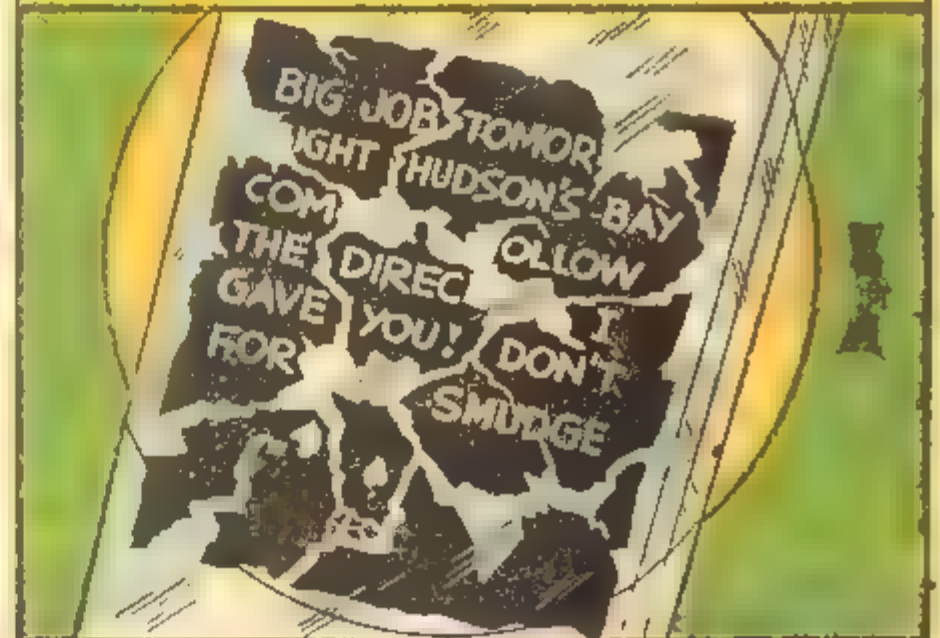




LATER, AT THE CRIMINOLOGICAL LABORATORY IN R.C.M.P. HEADQUARTERS, ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS ARE USED TO BRNG OUT THE INK ON THE BURNED PAPERS!



GLOWING BENEATH THE BOMBARDMENT OF LIGHT WORDS SOON APPEAR ON THE BLACKENED CINDERS - A FRAGMENTARY MESSAGE, BUT A VITAL ONE!



MOMENTS LATER, BILLING CLOUDS OF SMOKE BRING EMPLOYEES OF THE COMPANY RUSHING TO INVESTIGATE!



GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO GET INSIDE? THEN FOLLOW ME!

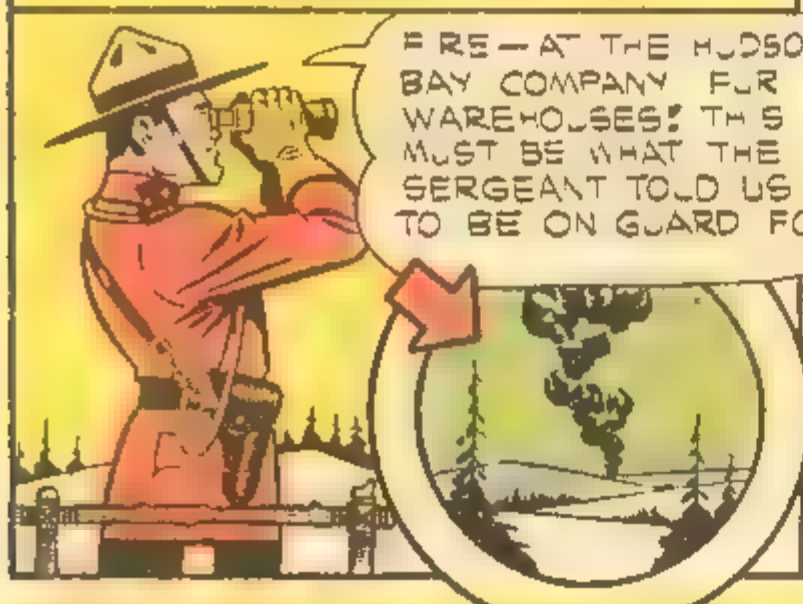
NOA, SKINNER?

OKAY, BOSS! THEY'RE LOCKED INSIDE, WHERE THEY CAN'T BOTHER US ANY!

GOOD! NOW WE CAN TAKE OUR TIME STRIPPING THE WAREHOUSES! PRETTY CLEVER, HUH?



VERY INGENUOUS indeed, SKINNER! BUT THERE'S A MAN YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT—A MAN WITH A SCARLET TUNIC IN A LOOKOUT TOWER ON A HILLTOP, SOME MILES AWAY...

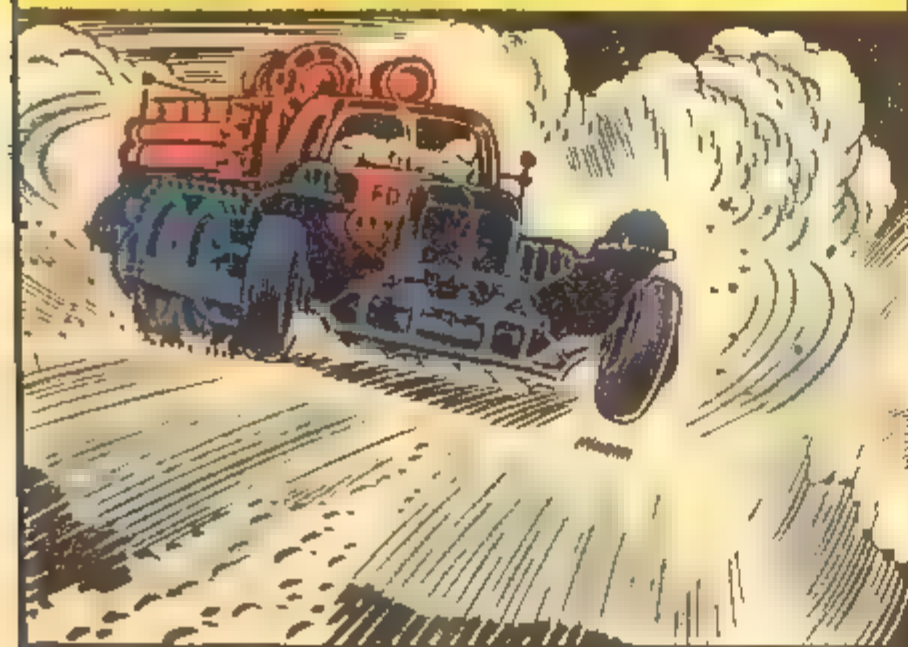


FIRE—AT THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FUR WAREHOUSES! THIS MUST BE WHAT THE SERGEANT TOLD US TO BE ON GUARD FOR!

TERSE CODE CRACKLES THROUGH THE ETHER... AND IN A SHORT WHILE, FIREBOATS SWARM IN FROM SEAWARD!



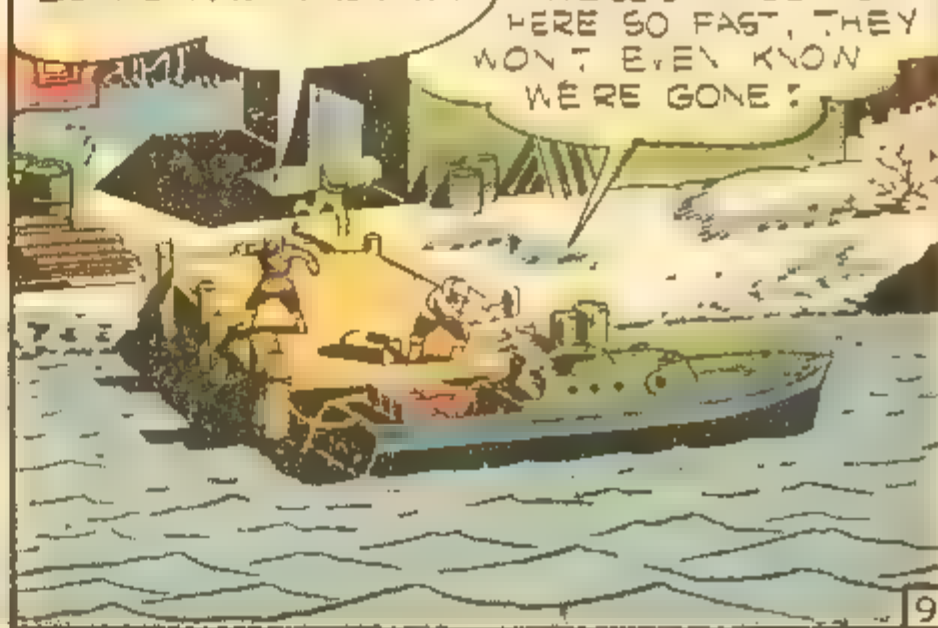
AND ON LAND, HALF-TRACK FIRE TRUCKS RUMBLE UP, SWIFT AND POWERFUL VEHICLES THAT CAN CRASH THROUGH THE THICKEST FORESTS AND DEEPEST SNOW DRIFTS!



MEANT ME...

HEY, SKINNER! THE MOUNTIES ARE COMIN' AT US WITH FIRE-BOATS AND TRUCKS!

DON'T LET 'EM SEE US AND EVERY-THING'LL BE OKAY! WHEN WE'RE FINISHED LOADING, WE'LL SKEDDLE OUT OF HERE SO FAST, THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE GONE!



BUT THE SHARP EYES OF THE MOUNTED POLICE HAVE ALWAYS CAUSED TROUBLE FOR CRIMINALS...

YOU'RE RIGHT!
EVERYONE ON
THE ALERT! CLOSE
IN ON IT!

LOOK AT THAT
BOAT THERE,
SERGEANT! THAT
ISN'T ONE OF
THE COMPANY'S
BOATS!

WE
FINISHED
TOO LATE!
THEY'RE
COMING
RIGHT AT
US!

LET 'EM!
I'LL FILL 'EM
FULL OF LEAD
AND SINK
'EM!

THEY THINK
BULLETS WILL
STOP US, EH?
GET THE ONE-
POUNDERS
READY!

LET ME TRY
SOMETHING FIRST,
SERGEANT! YOU
KEEP US COVERED
WITH A LOW
BARRAGE SO THEY
WON'T DARE TO LIFT
THEIR HEADS!

A POWERFUL SMALL GUN ROARS WITH DEADLY AIM...

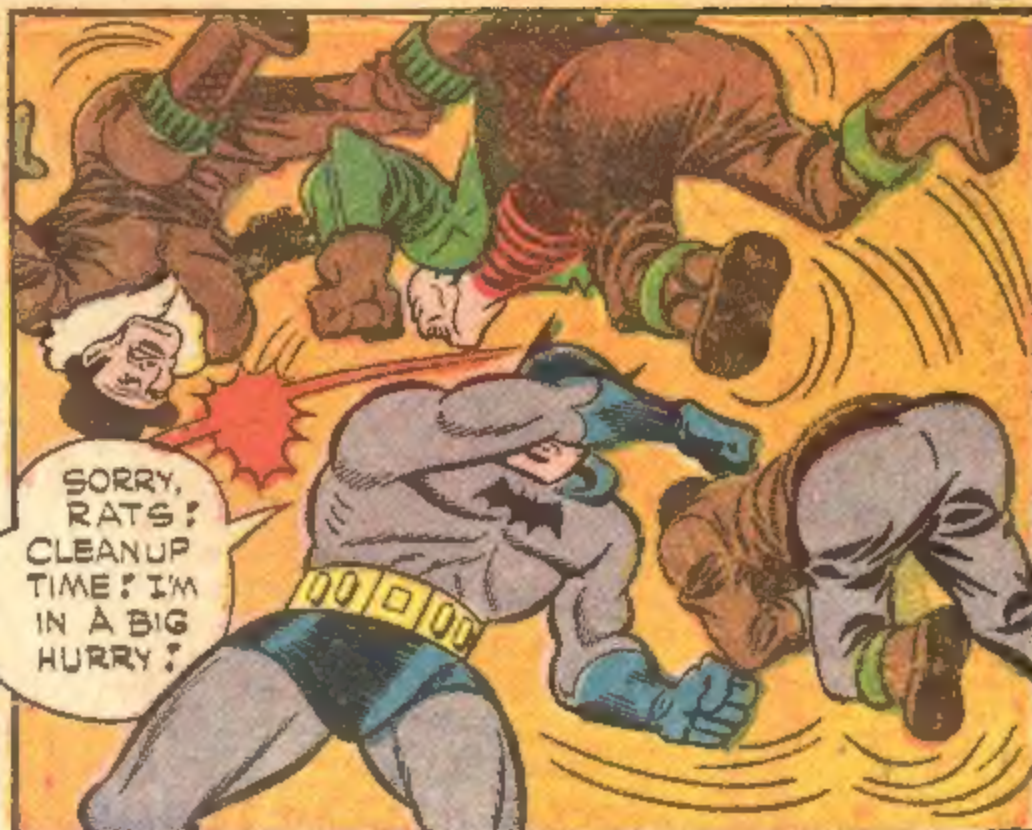
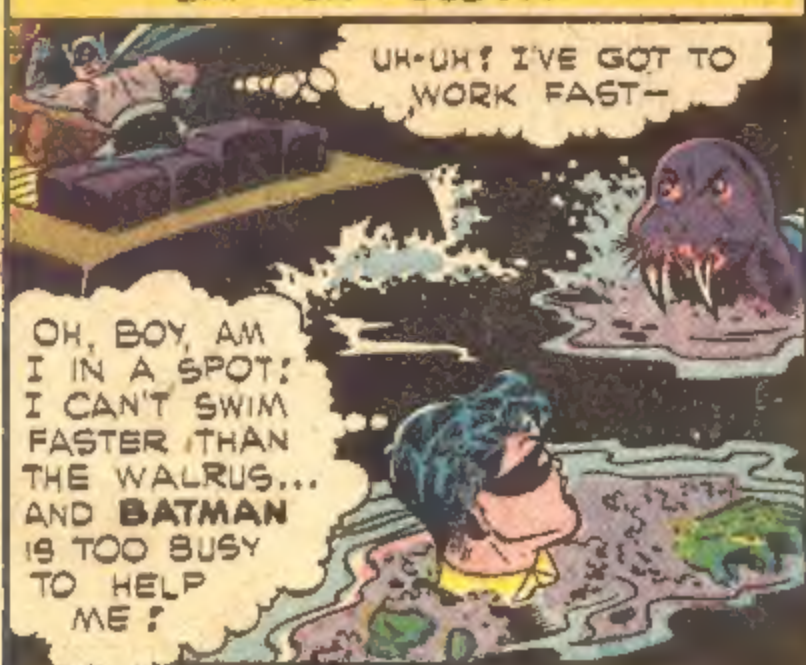
AND BREECHES-BUOYS SLIDE THROUGH
THE AIR WITH THE DYNAMIC DUO!

HUH?
I'LL CUT 'EM
DOWN BEFORE
THEY GET
HERE!

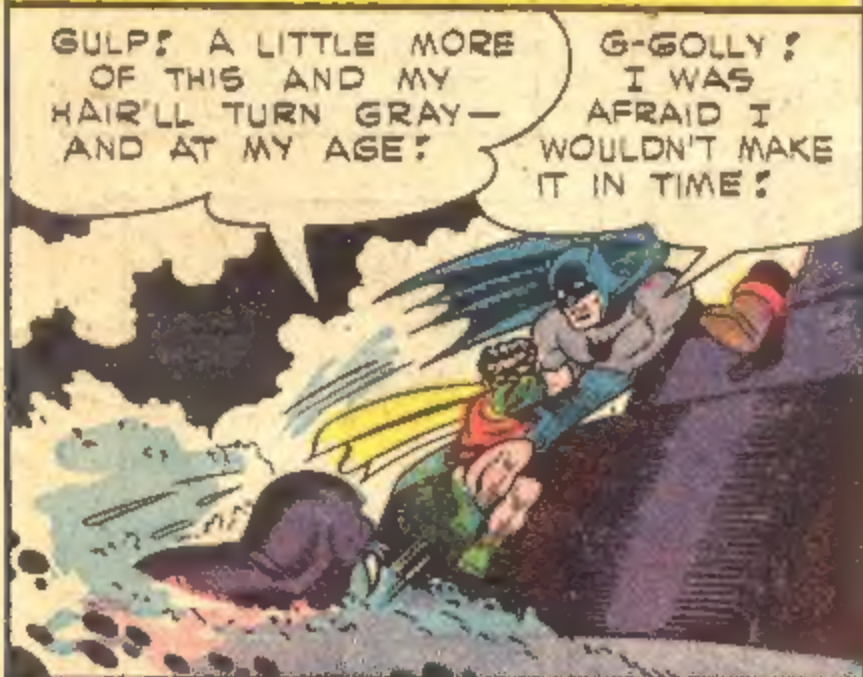
GET
DOWN,
SKINNER!
YOU'LL
GET
PLUGGED!

NOT
TILL I
PLUG 'EM
FIRST!

AS THE BOY WONDER HITS THE WATER, THE SPLASH ATTRACTS A RAVENOUS WALRUS, ROAMING THE BAY FOR FOOD...



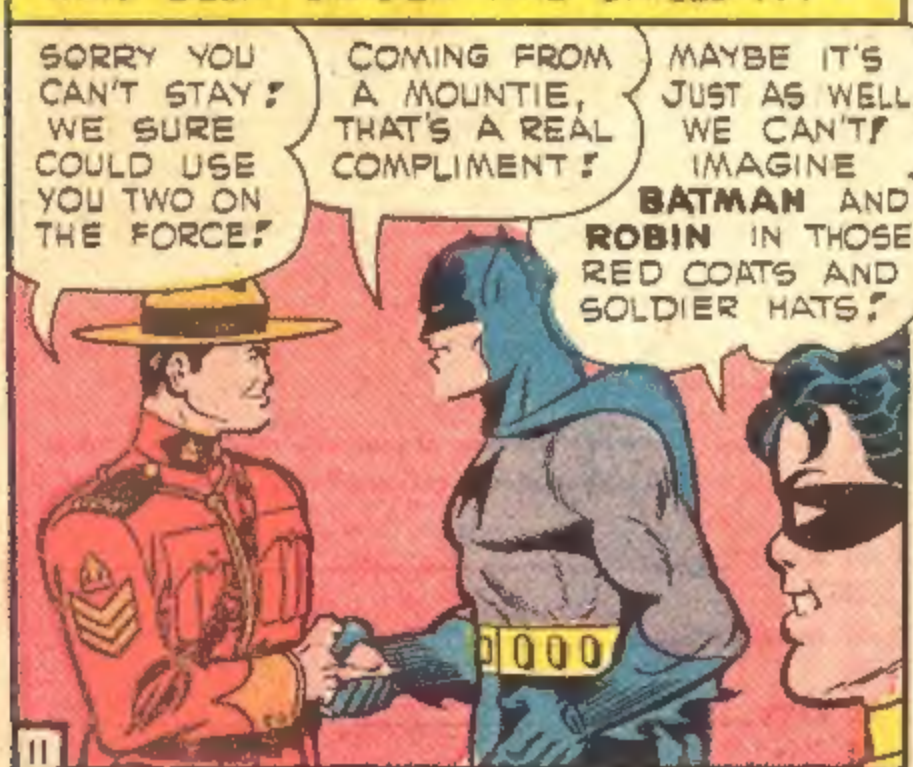
INSTANTS LATER, THE FLEET SPEED-BOAT BEARS DOWN ON THE IMPERILED ROBIN... AND...



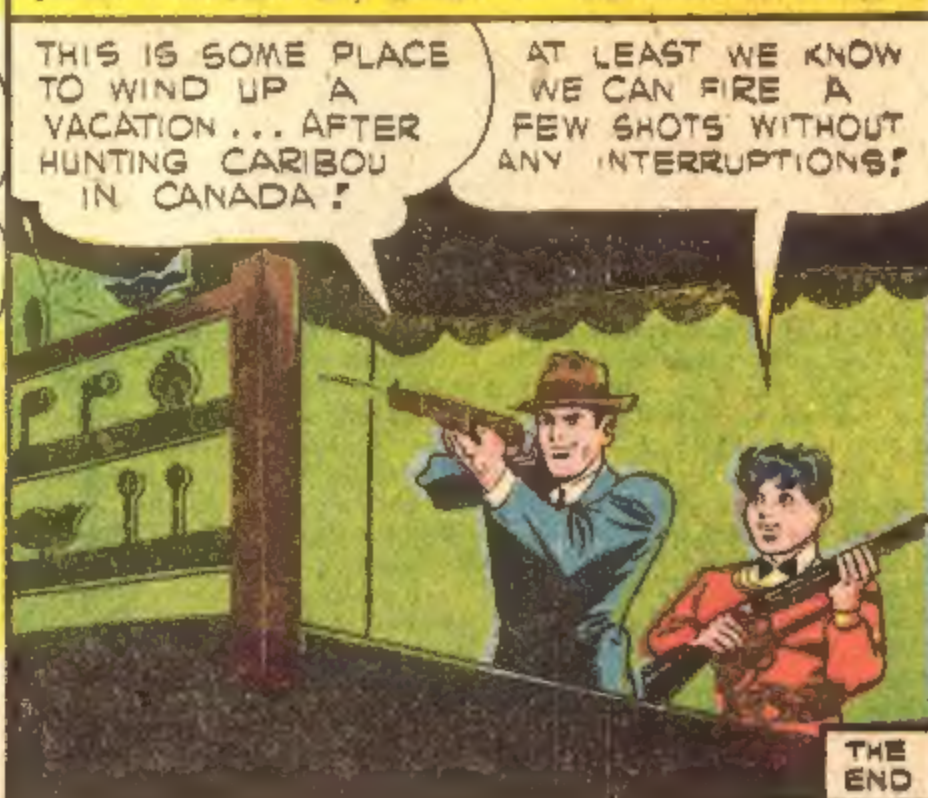
MEANWHILE, THE RESOURCEFUL MOUNTIES— THOUGH HANDICAPPED BY THEIR LUMBERING CRAFT— HAVE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO THOROUGHLY SUBDUCE THE GREEDY PIRATES!



AND SO, LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN LANDED AND JAILED...



AND PRESENTLY, BACK IN GOTHAM CITY...



WHEE

17
64
81

HI FELLERS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO
EARN MONEY AND PRIZES



FOR VICTORY

Uncle Sam needs your help in winning this war. You can do your share by obtaining War Stamps. Send me the coupon on the bottom of this page and learn how you can earn War Stamps and prizes by delivering Collier's to regular customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood.

BUY WAR-STAMPS



BASEBALL GLOVE AND BALL



CURTIS P-40



FISHING OUTFIT

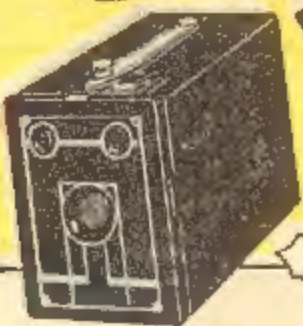
WRIST WATCH

HAND AXE

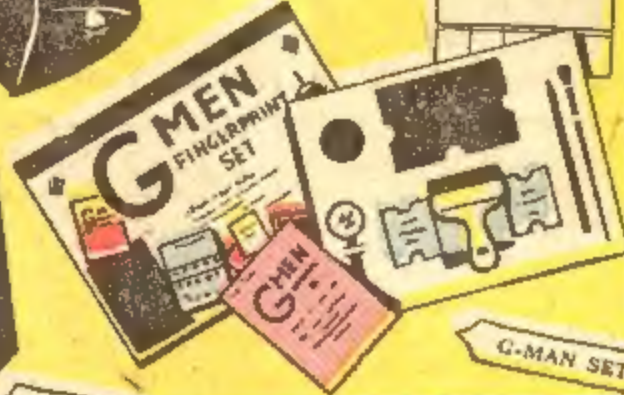


G-MAN SET

You Can Win These PRIZES Without Cost!



CAMERA



It's fun! It's easy, earning MONEY and PRIZES the Collier's way. Don't envy other fellows who have money to spend whenever they want it. Build up a business of your own that will put CASH in your pocket every week, in addition to which you can earn War Saving Stamps and lots of swell prizes like the ones pictured on this page. All you have to do is deliver Collier's, the popular national weekly, to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. If other fellows can pile up cash profits, War Saving Stamps and prizes—you can do it too! Remember, you earn BOTH cash and prizes. Don't waste another moment "wishing." Fill out and mail coupon today. Hurry! Don't let your pals beat you to it.

TO START— WRITE JIM THAYER, CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

FILL OUT - MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Mr. Jim Thayer DEPT. 37
Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Start me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Saving Stamps.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

The 97 Pound Weakling

—Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension". It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepleps? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326F
115 East 23rd Street
New York 10, N. Y.

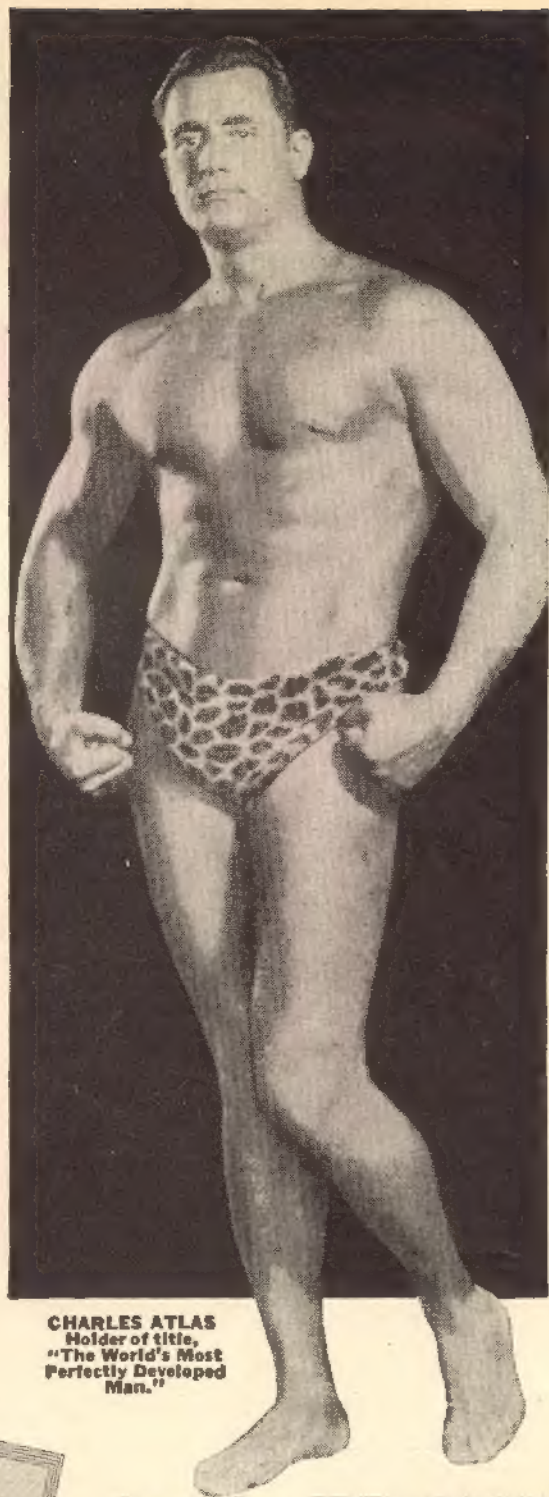
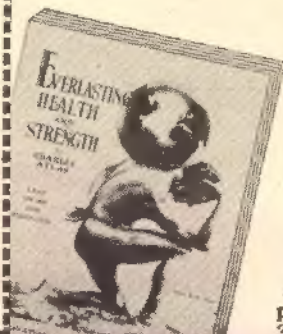
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

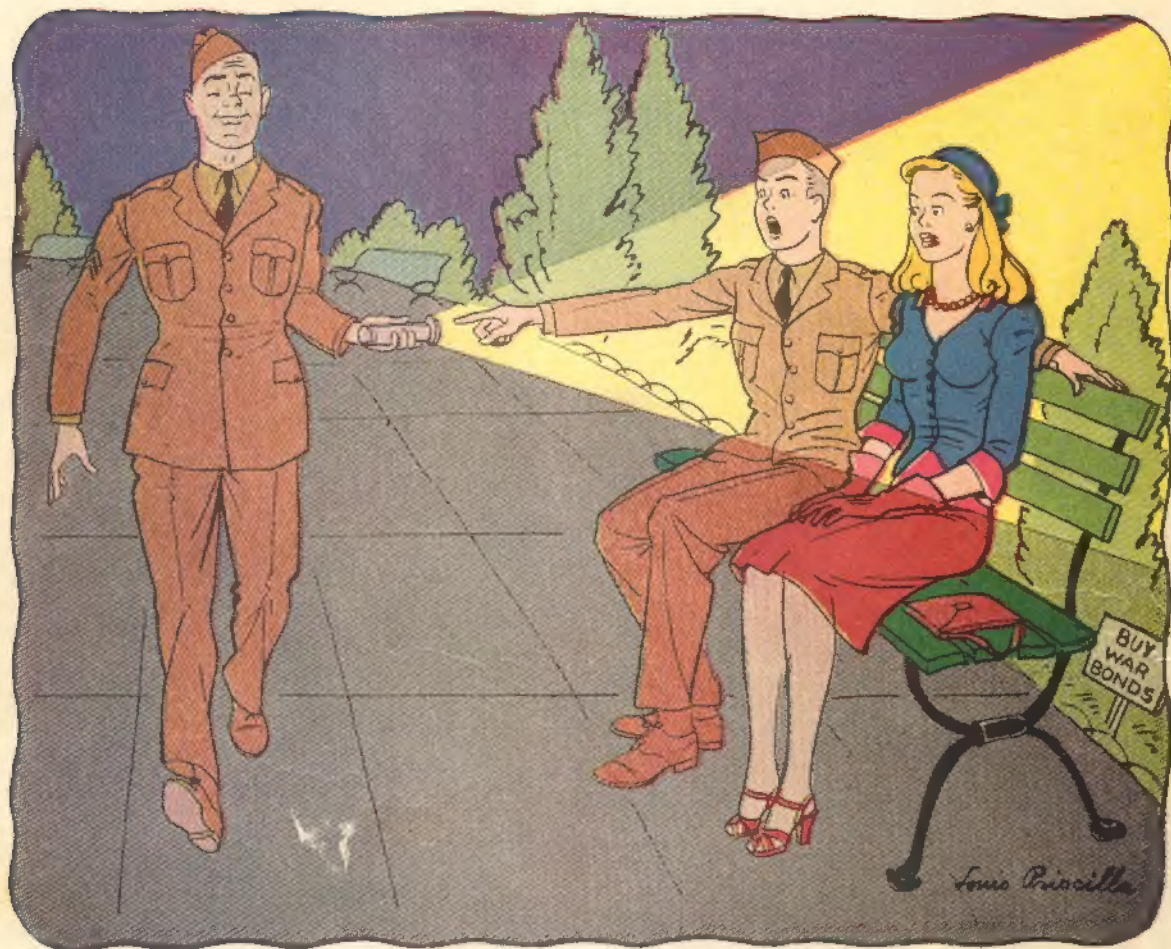


CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326F 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

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You, personally, can save a soldier's life by giving a pint of blood to the Red Cross. They maintain Blood Donor Centers in 35 cities. Call for an appointment now!

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